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KELLY HOLLAND

■  
**EDITORIAL**

Executive Editor • BARBARA F. PIZIO  
Contributing Editor • ALISON TYLER

■  
**ART**

Art Director, Publishing Group •  
JOHN AROCHO

■  
**PRODUCTION**

Vice President, Art, Manufacturing &  
Production • MICHAEL TANG  
Production Manager • MARIO IANNOTTA  
Photo Retoucher • GIL VELEZ  
Graphic Production Assistant •  
JOSHUA K. NAHAS  
Production Assistant • PAMELA FERRER

■  
**ADVERTISING & MARKETING**

Associate Publisher • RICH MCENTEE  
Advertising Inquiries: ADSALES@FFN.COM

■  
**ENTERTAINMENT/LICENSING/  
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Director, Global Clubs Licensing •  
JEFF STOLLER  
Licensing Inquiries: LICENSING@FFN.COM  
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HTTP://INTL.PENTHOUSE.COM

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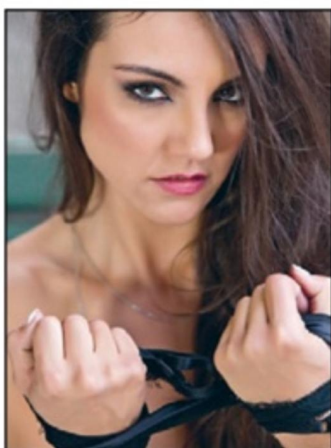
20 Broad Street, 14th Floor  
New York, NY 10005  
Tel: 212-702-6000 • Fax: 212-702-6262

**Entertainment/Licensing Office**

Los Angeles, CA  
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**4** **EDITOR'S NOTE**  
**SEXY SPRINGTIME**

---

**6** **WATCHING MY WIFE**  
**THE LUCKY GUY**  
BY HANK WINTHROP

---

**18** **WATCHING MY WIFE**  
**READER LETTERS**





# CONTENTS

## **28** PICTORIAL

ALEXIS AMORE &  
LEXI BELLE



## **38** DOMINANT SEXPLAY

NOT A NOVICE  
BY ELEANOR CHAMBERS



## **52** CASUAL ENCOUNTERS

SPRING FLING  
BY TAMARA HALKAN



## **64** EXOTIC VACATIONS

GET YOUR IRISH UP  
BY DENISE GRANGER

## **76** WIDE WORLD OF VARIATIONS

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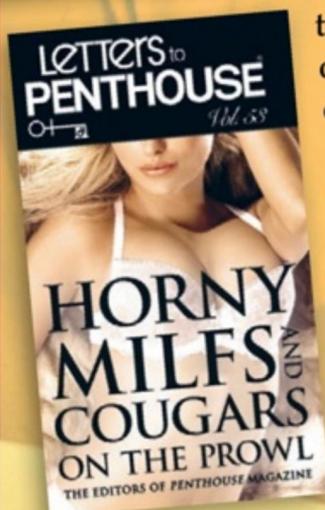


Here at *Penthouse Variations*, we're ready to leave the winter behind and heat things up with some sexy springtime exploits. Hank Winthrop recounts his cuckolding adventures with his wicked wife in "The Lucky Guy." Eleanor Chambers enjoys a kinky encounter with a coworker in "Not a Novice." Tamara Halkan finds a sizzling partner in passion during her mid-semester break in "Spring Fling." And Denise Granger visits the Emerald Isle and has a vacation to remember in "Get Your Irish Up."

Those of you wanting an extra dose of dominance this month should catch the March 2016



issue of *Penthouse Letters* magazine, featuring a special Domination & Discipline section. And for more titillating tales, look for *Letters to Penthouse, Vol. 53: Horny MILFs and Cougars on the Prowl*, on sale now at a bookstore near you. Created especially for fans of May/December affairs, this book features bold older women and their eager-to-please boy toys.



Be sure to pick up the February 2016 issue of *Penthouse* to read an eye-opening interview with adult performer Danica Dillon. The star of more than 150 x-rated scenes, Danica recently found herself embroiled in a

well-publicized scandal involving reality-TV personality Josh Duggar, and she tells all to *Penthouse*. Find this issue at your local newsstand or at [PenthouseMagazine.com/psp](http://PenthouseMagazine.com/psp).—Barbara Pizio, Executive Editor





## Editor's Note



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Watching My Wife

# The Lucky Guy

Hank has always wanted to watch his lovely bride fuck another man. Happily, Chelsea's former college boyfriend more than rises to the challenge.





By Hank Winthrop







**T**HAT WIFE of yours is one hell of a looker,” Pat said, gazing through the open hatch into the kitchen. There she stood, staring into a pot of water, waiting to drop the pasta into the bubbles. For our intimate dinner party, Chelsea had her silky brown hair up in a sloppy bun. She was wearing a white button-up shirt that emphasized her bronzed skin. The wall hid the lower part of her body, but I knew she had on a pair of her favorite jeans, molded to the sweet curves of her hips and ass. I also knew she wasn’t wearing any panties under those jeans.

“Yes, she is,” I said. “I’m a lucky guy.”

Pat took a sip of his wine before nodding in agreement with my statement.

“*You* could be a lucky guy, too,” I continued, and I waited for him to turn away

from Chelsea and pay attention to me.

“What’d you say?” he asked. His dark brown eyes had widened. He seemed sure he’d misheard me.

“*I’m* lucky, she’s lucky. You could be lucky, too.”

Chelsea came into the dining room carrying the first course, small salads she’d prepared with shaved Parmesan and imported olives from Sicily. She and I had spent weeks talking about this night, testing each other to see if we were really up to making this fantasy a reality. Sometimes, I would open my eyes to find her stroking my face lightly. When she knew she’d woken me, she would climb on top of my cock and rock herself to orgasm while describing what our night of wife-watching would be like.

“You’ll be right next to me,” she’d say.





"As close as possible. And he'll have his big cock inside me." Her words never failed to get me off.

Now that the night had actually arrived, I didn't think I'd be able to manage a bite, no matter how delicious the meal looked. Chelsea was more mouth-watering than ever. Her breasts bounced slightly when she bent forward. She had left one more button undone than was proper for polite company. No worries. I was sincerely hoping we'd move past polite and into passionate fairly quickly.

Chelsea set down the salads and winked at me. "I'm waiting for the water to boil," she said. "You know what they say about a watched pot." She turned with a little extra twitch to her hips in her faded jeans and then headed back to the kitchen. Pat leaned closer to me.

MARCH 2016

"What did you say before?" His voice was a husky whisper.

I didn't answer his question directly. Instead, I said, "Not only is Chelsea beautiful, she is one kinky minx in bed. Which you know from past experience."

Pat was momentarily speechless. He ignored the salad in front of him.

"And the thing is," I proceeded slowly, savoring the reveal, "she's always wanted to fuck you again."

Pat sat back in his chair. He seemed to be waiting for the other shoe to drop. So I dropped it.

"I'd like that, too," I said, "as long as I can watch."

Chelsea returned to the dining room and refilled Pat's wineglass. I was sure she'd been eavesdropping in the kitchen. Pat looked from me to her to me again.

"You guys are serious, aren't you?"

Chelsea smiled and took a sip of the Merlot. "Very serious," she said. "We've always wanted to do something like this, and your name came up." When she said "up," I was pretty sure a specific part of Pat was rising, too.

"Why me?" Pat asked next.

"Because you fucked her before," I said. "Chelsea told me about the fling you two had back in college. I got so damn hard hearing about the way you went at it. Seriously. Fucking in the coed shower. That took nerve. I told her that was something I wish I'd seen . . ."

"And I said, 'Why wish?'" Chelsea finished for me.

wasn't her husband, and resumed her kitchen duty. It's not as if she couldn't hear us through the hatch. But we had *pretend* privacy, and that's all it appeared Pat desired.

He didn't seem entirely sure how to pose the question that he needed to ask. He tried, "Are you . . ." and then he tried, "Is she?" Until I took pity on him and said, "Yes, I am, and yes, she is. We're both sure. We're both on the same page. We both want you to fuck her—and we both want me to watch."

Through the hatch, Chelsea was the one watching us right now. Pat cleared his throat and then said, "Okay, yeah. I think could do that."

While Pat and I stared  
at her, she peeled open her pussy lips  
and showed us her glistening  
wet interior. I don't think she could  
have been wetter.

Pat looked back and forth from one of us to the other. I knew he wanted her. Chelsea is such a stunner. Pat must have owned many treasured memories of their time together a decade earlier. I was giving him the opportunity to relive those heady days. The only addendum? I was going to be in the room with them. Would he agree? Chelsea looked ready to convince him. She leaned across the table and gently pressed her lips to Pat's. He sighed almost in spite of himself and then pulled back and coughed, as if to cover up the involuntary sound.

"Would you excuse us for a moment?" he asked Chelsea.

"Of course," she agreed demurely, as if she had not just kissed a man who

Chelsea was back in the room in a flash. "That pot won't boil," she said. "Let's do something hotter instead."

Dinner entirely forgotten, we headed to the bedroom. I gave our guest a little breathing room. I took my time behind them, listening as Chelsea filled Pat in on the erotic agenda for the evening. I had been sure the man would go for our arrangement. What red-blooded male would be able to turn down Chelsea's desires? But that didn't mean I wasn't excited by the prospect. I felt as if every individual nerve ending had come alive.

"Hank has always nursed this fantasy," Chelsea explained, and she slid one hand into Pat's and pulled him with her. "He gets hard simply at the thought





of me being with another man. Actually being able to watch—that's his number-one fantasy. The thought excites him more than anything else. After all these years, I hoped we'd finally make the dream come true."

"And I'm the lucky guy," Pat stuttered. I was enjoying his reaction. He's such a big man—broad and tough. But Chelsea had managed to reduce him to the basest desires. He wanted to get inside her. The fact that he'd have an audience—me—didn't seem to bother him much at all. In the bedroom, Chelsea switched on the lamps on either side of the bed. She didn't turn the overhead on. The room was lit with a romantic glow. I waited in the doorway until she motioned to me. She wanted me in the brown velvet easy chair at the foot of the bed. I was going to have a front-row seat for the fuck show. I couldn't wait. My dick couldn't either. There was a steel pipe in my pants.

"Hank's going to watch from there," she said, positioning me with her gesture. "He doesn't want to touch you. He

doesn't want to fuck you. But he wants to watch your dick going in and out of my wet pussy." She paused lusciously. "And it is a wet pussy," she practically whispered. "So wet." On those words, she took off her blouse to reveal she was braless. Then she slid her jeans down her thighs and stepped out of them. She didn't have any underwear on, and while both Pat and I stared rapturously at her, she peeled open her shaved pussy lips and showed us her glistening wet interior. I don't think she could have been wetter. The dialogue we'd exchanged in the living room had been pure foreplay to Chelsea.

In all honesty, the months leading up to this night had been foreplay. How we had fantasized together. How we had fucked while describing the different ways that Pat was going to take her: on her back with her legs over his shoulders, doggy-style with one hand wrapped tight in her honey-streaked brown hair, even missionary so that he could stare into her eyes while he swiveled his hips and



ground against her. We had talked about all the ways she'd come. How she'd cry out. How she'd moan.

Pat grabbed her in his arms and kissed her. Chelsea laced her own arms around him and returned the kiss with a passion that I felt deep inside myself.

We had worked and reworked this fantasy until there were no plots left to plumb. But somehow, we'd missed this. There was an unexpected intimacy between my wife and Pat. How had I not known about this? How had I not anticipated the way I'd feel while watching another man stroke my wife's cheek, nibble her full lips, pinch her hard nipples until she shut her eyes and whimpered? I'd

each pearly polished toe. Chelsea cried out, obviously loving every second. Pat slowly, gently, kissed his way up the insides of her legs. Chelsea brought one hand between her thighs to touch her own pussy. Pat swatted her hand away. He clearly wanted to take control of her pleasure. He wasn't going to let her get ahead of him. Chelsea allowed him to take his time only for another few seconds before she upped the ante. "I want to suck you," she told him. "I want to feel your dick in my mouth."

As soon as she said the words, I wanted to see her put Pat's dick in her mouth. I'm pretty sure I can speak for Pat and say as soon as Chelsea uttered

Once he shifted  
forward, there would be no erasing  
the fact that Pat had fucked  
my wife. I felt as if we were holding our  
breath collectively.

missed this concept, and I was unbelievably thrilled. Not a flicker of jealousy flared through me. The only thing I felt was excited, aroused and madly in love with my beautiful wife.

Pat shucked off his shoes, socks, slacks and shirt. His hard-on tented his boxers. He seemed to need to take stock of the situation. Chelsea lay back on the bed and spread her legs. Pat gave me one final chance to put a stop to the situation. He met my eyes and raised one of his brows. I smiled and nodded. He lost his boxers and climbed onto the mattress with Chelsea.

I leaned forward, entirely focused on every subtle sensation. Pat started at Chelsea's feet. He licked and kissed

the words, he wanted to thrust his dick between her lips. We were all connected by lust and longing, and I wouldn't have traded my seat at that moment for anything. Not even to receive a blowjob of my own. Because while I know firsthand how sexy and erotic Chelsea's warm mouth is around my Johnson, what I didn't know was what it would look like to watch her suck off someone else.

Chelsea kindly moved so that I was able to have an unhindered view as Pat sat on his feet. He didn't seem to want to overstep his boundaries. He let Chelsea come to him. She got herself comfortable and began by slicking the head of his dick with her tongue. He put his hands on her shoulders and leaned his





head back. I stared at the lines in his face, the combination of anticipation and an obvious attempt to hold on, hold out. He didn't want to come too soon. Who knew how long this night would last or whether he'd ever get another shot? That's what his expression said to me.

I could have saved him some worry. I knew that Chelsea would want to do this again. I could tell how turned on she was. I knew if I walked to her side of the bed and slid my fingers in her snatch from behind I would be rewarded by the sweetest nectar. But I didn't. My role tonight was the observer. So I observed.

I observed Chelsea bobbing her head up and down on his cock, growing more aggressive with her actions. I observed Pat groaning and bucking forward in spite of himself, unable to keep his body from doing what came naturally. Chelsea reached a hand between his thighs, and I knew she was tugging at his balls, cradling and stroking them. Then she ducked her head, and I guessed she was licking them, getting them wet and slip-

pery with her saliva.

When Chelsea could take no more, and when Pat was teetering on a precipice of his own, Chelsea turned so that she was on her hands and knees facing me. She looked at Pat over her shoulder and said, "Fuck me, Pat. I can't wait any longer. I need that thick dick inside me."

Pat didn't hesitate. His big hands held on to her hips, and he brought the head of his cock to her pussy. For a millisecond, he hesitated. This was it. This was our last chance to turn back. Once he shifted forward, there would be no erasing the fact that Pat had fucked my wife. I felt as if we were all holding our breath collectively. Then Chelsea hissed, "Now!" and Pat thrust into her, hard.

We all sighed as one. I swear. It was as if we were all wired together. I could almost feel Chelsea's pussy muscles contracting around my own dick. Maybe that's what people call "muscle memory." Whatever the reason, watching Pat working his throbbing cock in and out of Chelsea's hole was simply the most





erotic experience I'd ever lived through.

I leaned forward, mouth open, clocking every move. I saw when Chelsea took one of her hands and started to furiously rub her own pussy. I saw when Pat tightened his brow, squinting somewhere in the distance as he obviously strived to stave off his climax. If I knew anything about Pat, it was that he was a gentleman. He'd want Chelsea to reach her own orgasm before he succumbed to his. Chelsea wasn't making things easy for him. She leaned forward, raising her ass even higher. Then she started to come.

I want to tell you—I almost came with her.

She cried out, and then let that howl of pleasure melt into one long, luxurious hum. I watched her body shiver as the climax broke over her. I thought of the different times I'd seen her look like that for me. Now, Pat was taking her higher. My cock responded almost as if I was the one fucking her. My hard-on was throbbing. I rocked my hips forward, as if I were about to plunge, as if I were the

one grinding my dick against her.

Chelsea opened her eyes, so that she was staring directly at me. I felt our bond, stronger than ever. I couldn't help myself. I leaned over and stroked her cheek. She practically purred, and then she opened her mouth and let out a sound that was almost a sob.

What had happened to make her sound like that?

I looked at Pat and saw that he'd pulled out his cock and was resting the head ever so gently against her asshole. He looked at me. I looked at Chelsea.

"Should I get him the lube?" I asked as courteously as possible.

"Get me the lube," Pat barked. Chelsea winked at me. I stood and retrieved our bottle from the nightstand. I felt the insistent beat of my hard-on against my thigh. It wanted release. But I wasn't ready for this night of sensual adventures to end. I handed the bottle of lube to Pat, who immediately drizzled the glistening goo over Chelsea's pretty pucker.

I settled myself on the edge of the



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mattress. I wanted to be closer for this. Pat didn't seem to care where the fuck I was. He slotted his dick against Chelsea's hole, and he waited until she visibly pushed back before he entered her.

Chelsea's cry echoed in the room. I was thankful that our nearest neighbor was half a mile away. I didn't need anyone listening in aside from me. I moved closer, though. I couldn't help myself. I bent so I could kiss Chelsea. She clung to me, French-kissing me as Pat worked himself in and out of her tight asshole.

My mind was a blur of thoughts. I couldn't wait until he was done and I would take my turn. Where would I start? How would I fuck her? As these

process. Chelsea switched positions so that she was on her back, waiting for me.

All of the times we'd discussed this moment paled in comparison to how it actually felt to fuck her after another man had taken her. Her pussy was liquid, silky. She gripped me effortlessly, and I groaned and rotated my hips, loving every fucking second. I was in heaven, still seeing her with Pat in my mind's eye while staring down at her in real time. Chelsea seemed as equally transported as I was. But ultimately she kept her head. When she sensed I was approaching orgasm, she pushed me away from her and rolled back onto her stomach.

With trembling fingers, she parted

All of the times we'd  
discussed this moment paled in  
comparison to how it  
actually felt to fuck her after another  
man had taken her.

thoughts danced through my head, Chelsea caught my attention by visibly climaxing. I turned my focus to Pat. I wanted to see what he would do now that Chelsea had reached her golden shining "O" once more. The man didn't miss a beat. He sped up and then sealed himself to her, and I could imagine he was filling her ass with his load.

Then, breathless, he withdrew and nodded to me. I understood the look. It meant, "You take it from here, man." Pat moved off the bed, and I heard him in our bathroom, heard the water running. He was rinsing off, giving the two of us time to reconnect, which we did with explosive results. I stripped off my clothes so fast that I tore a few buttons in the

the cheeks of her ass. I knew what she wanted, and I wanted that, too. I didn't need lube. She was greased up good and proper from the lube and Pat's seed. I squeezed the head of my cock into her rear hole, and then I started sawing into her immediately. She didn't need to be worked gently now. She was so ready to take what I had to give.

We'd joked that Pat was a lucky guy. But as I came inside her, came where Pat already had, I knew the real truth. In this triangle, I was the luckiest guy ever. Because I was married to a gorgeous woman who not only put out for me, but she would happily fuck another man while I sat there and watched.

Nothing has ever felt better than that.



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## Watching My Wife letters







**WAITRESS ORDERS UP  
A HOT BOTTOM FROM HER  
FAVORITE COOK—WHILE  
HER HUBBY WATCHES**

Jill had told me how Al had joked about spanking her. She worked the graveyard shift at a small coffee shop in the middle of nowhere. For years the place had boasted about its twenty-four-hour service, even when the flow of customers started to decline. She was the server; Al was the cook.

"Do you think he really would?"

She shrugged, pulling off her pink uniform and tossing it in the hamper. "Maybe. He has the hots for me, I can tell you that. But he knows I'm married, and I've never mentioned our proclivities, so . . ."

"So, what if you didn't tell him but in-



delivering six fast blows, alternating cheeks. Then he hiked her skirt up in the front and gave her pussy a few swift blows.

Color bloomed in Jill's cheeks, and she moaned.

Al flicked open the button at his waistband, pulled his zipper down and shoved his pants around his hips. He pulled his impressive cock free and gave himself a few strokes before pushing my wife facedown against a stainless-steel prep table. He held his dick in one hand and continued to deliver swats to her with

body language—which I knew well—said she did like that. Very much so. She slightly raised her hips, pushing her ass up to give him better access.

He slipped into her cunt fast and hard. She let out a cry, and my cock jerked in my pants. Her dark hair was feathered across the table, her toes barely brushing the kitchen floor.

Al rammed into her over and over, the table hitching with every thrust. He reached around to play with her clit, and she came. Jill is loud. Her cries echoed throughout the room despite the rumble of the fridge and



the other, working up the back of each thigh and then giving her one right sharp slap across the broadest, meatiest part of her ass.

Al forced her thighs wide and moved in between. He ran his cockhead up her asscrack and then down into her wet folds. I was glad the kitchen, like the whole establishment, was so small because it afforded me a good view.

"You like that, bad girl?"

She mewled, fingers crawling along the smooth metal surface. She was facing away from me, but her

the sound of the exhaust fan.

He wet a couple fingers in his mouth and began working her asshole, evening out his rhythm. Driving his digits in and out of her ass, he slid his cock almost out of her pussy before plunging back in with great relish. He continued to fuck both of her holes, and when she came a second time, he smiled.

"Mind if I try the rump roast?"

I had to bite back a moan. This was too good to be true.

She raised her hips and muttered something I couldn't hear. But I didn't



stead welcomed his advances. I could sneak in . . . ”

She grinned at me. “You know, you really are a very dirty boy.”

It was my turn to shrug.

We lay in bed for more than an hour discussing what it would be like. What it *could* be like. Then we fucked, fast and hard, and fell asleep well past when we should have.

The next night, I tugged my coat tight around me in the cold February wind. I made my way to the coffee-shop door, peeked in and only saw her. No customers. I rapped lightly on the window, and she looked up, waving. Then she pointed to the swinging kitchen door and winked.

I opened the front door slowly,

her skirt up, and he appraised her round, fine ass nestled in hot-pink lace panties.

Al looked unsure but then reached out to swipe a bearish palm across the globes of her asscheeks. “Bad, huh?”

“Very. I dropped that toast you made earlier—and served it anyway.”

He grinned before he delivered a meaty smack to her bottom. He gave her another, and she whimpered, wagging her ass at him and inviting more.

Al turned fast, looped a muscular arm around her middle and then began to alternate spanking each cheek, stopping every four or five

My cock throbbed,  
and I wanted so badly to touch it, but  
I denied myself. I was here  
to see this big, rough man fuck my wife.

slipping through a small crack so as not to trigger the automatic bell that signified a customer’s arrival. Then I thumbed the latch and flipped the sign on the door to “Be back in ten minutes.”

I crept to the order window and peeked in to see her walking her fingers up and down Al’s thick arm. He was younger than me, brawnier and dark haired. And he was now grinning at my wife.

“What if I told you I’d been a bad girl?”

“How bad?”

“Bad enough that I needed a punishment. You’ve been teasing me about a spanking for ages.”

He raised an eyebrow.

Jill turned and flipped the back of

swats to rub his crotch against her.

“What about customers?” he asked.

“What about them? We’ll hear the bell if any come in.”

He grunted, gave a nod she couldn’t see, and peeled her panties down to expose a cherry-red ass.

“Is this just a spanking or a spanking and . . . ?”

“A spanking *and*,” she answered. Her eyes strayed toward the opening where I watched, but only for an instant.

My cock throbbed, and I wanted so badly to touch it, but I denied myself. I was here to see this big, rough man fuck my wife. I could deal with myself later.

“I like the sound of that,” he said,

need to because he pulled free of her pussy, spread her own lush juices around her back hole, and slid into her with ease. He groaned loud and deep before pulling back and pushing in again.

"Fuck," he said. "How many times have I jacked off to this image?"

The real question was how many times would I jack off to this image. But Al didn't know that.

Jill pushed her hand beneath her, and I could tell she was rubbing her clit. She'd come again, no doubt. Anal was one of her favorite things in the world—and knowing I was watching had to make it even better.

Al anchored her there with a big paw on her back. He rammed into her faster and faster now that her body had adjusted to his girth. When he tilted his head back and let out a roar, I knew he'd reached his tipping point. Jill's shrill cry as she hit her peak again was a backup harmony to his rough vocalizations.

I wanted to touch my cock so badly. Go in and beg her to suck me off. Beg her to let me have sloppy seconds. But I didn't. I did what I was supposed to do as they untangled themselves from one another. I went to the door, unlocked it and opened it wide on my way out so the bell sounded. Then I moved quickly to my car parked half a block up. I'd see my wife at home. I almost couldn't stand the wait.

*(Name and address withheld)*

## **HE LIKES TO WATCH HIS WIFE GET READY TO FUCK OTHER MEN ALMOST AS MUCH AS HE LIKES TO WATCH HER ACTUALLY FUCK THEM**

I like to sit on the edge of the bed and watch my wife while she gets dressed to go out. She has a routine. I'm not even sure she's aware of the fact. But she always follows the same steps when she's getting ready. First,

she chooses her undergarments. (This can take a while. Her drawer practically overflows.) Then she meticulously applies her makeup. Finally, she slides into whatever outfit suits her mood.

I enjoy watching her whether she's preparing to go to work or out to meet her girlfriends for a night on the town. There's simply something seductive in the way she takes care of herself. But when she's going to fuck another man, I pay extra attention. Moira is proud of her collection of underwear. If she's feeling frisky, she'll wear one of her thongs and a demi-cup bra. If she's in a more elegant mood, she'll choose tap pants and a full-cup brassiere. On top of the many different styles, she also possesses a rainbow of color choices.

How she dresses is important to me. I try to imagine what her lover will think when he sees her strip for the first time. Will his dick get hard the way mine gets hard? Will he want to go fast because he's so excited, or will he want to make things last because he can't believe how lucky he is? It excites me to participate in every part of the equation.

I know she likes it, too.

"How do I look?" she asked me last night when she'd completed all of her preparations.

"Like a movie star," I told her. She did. With her luxurious wave of white-blond hair curling dramatically over one eye, she might easily have been a star of the silent screen. "Who are you going out with tonight?" I asked as I helped her into her jacket.

"Rodney," she said, waiting for my next question. It's a tradition between us. She tells me who she is going to fuck, and I say, "Can I watch?" every time. For some reason, this little bit of banter works perfectly for the two of us. It lets us know we're on the same page. The same page of a filthy fucking book, that is.



"Of course, baby," she said. "Be ready by nine. I'll have him stripped down and begging to put his big dick in me."

Nine. I had to wait until nine. What Moira likes to do is taunt her partners. She's not in this only for the sex. She enjoys the entire scene—from the flirting at the start, to the maneuvering, to finally fucking the man of the moment.

Rodney works at her gym as a trainer. She'd been priming him for months, parading past in her cute little booty-hugging workout shorts. Asking him for help with the machines. Help. That's a laugh. Moira is an ace with weights. But she can slip into any role she desires when

rence. Because Moira likes me to spy. She doesn't want our relationship out in the open. She enjoys the feeling of cheating on me without actually cheating. And I get to watch her, which is all I want. All I need.

On this night, when I heard her key in the lock, I rushed out the back door. I went as quietly as possible, half-running half-tiptoeing to the open window.

I heard the lovers enter the bedroom. Moira turned on the light. I set my face to the crack in the blinds. I could see everything, and there was no reason Rodney would ever look my way. Moira made sure to keep his attention on her. First, she stripped. Rodney looked like a man who'd

I could see Moira's  
gorgeous body in all its glory  
for a second before  
Rodney settled between her thighs.

she's on the make. *Whatever works* is her motto.

Tonight, she and Rodney were going to meet for drinks. Sometimes, Moira fucks a man more than once. If someone is particularly good, she'll add him to her stable of suitors. Tonight was special, though, because this was a first. She had told Rodney that I was away on business, and she'd asked him if he wanted to meet her at a local bar. "For a little company," she'd said. She got lonely when her husband was away, she told him. None of that was true, but Moira can sell anything.

While she was gone, I got myself situated. Sometimes, Moira will explain to a lover what I like best, what gets me off, but that's a rare occur-

won the lottery. He came toward her, but she shook her head. She wasn't ready for him yet.

"No, baby," she said. "You have to take off your clothes, too."

He undressed in record time. Moira watched him hungrily. I watched them both. Then she said, "All I've been thinking about this evening is your sweet mouth on my sweet pussy."

She took up position on the bed and spread her legs. Our bed faces the window. I could see Moira's gorgeous body in all its glory for a second before Rodney climbed onto the mattress with her and settled between her thighs. Now I could see his body from the rear, and I could see Moira's face quite clearly.

This was heavenly for me. I didn't need the close-up view of his tongue on her clit. I wanted to watch her react to what he was doing, wanted to know that another man was taking my wife to her limits. She clawed at his shoulders and sighed as he tongued her. I undid my slacks and got out my dick. Seeing Moira in the throes of passion was turning me on rapidly.

When she came, it was like a song. She cried out over and over, and Rodney stayed with her, obviously enjoying how much pleasure he was giving her. Then Moira changed things up. She got on her hands and knees facing the mirror over the dresser. Rodney seemed to understand instinctively what she wanted from him. He stood behind her and anchored her in place with his hands on her slim waist. Then he started to fuck her.

This is the part that drives me truly wild. Knowing that another man, and in this case practically a stranger, has his cock in my wife's pussy. Nothing is more exciting than that. Well, almost nothing. Moira got one hand between her legs and started rubbing her button. Rodney said, "I love watching you at the gym, but out of your clothes, you're even more beautiful."

Moira appreciated the compliment. I could tell because she came.

Her lover soldiered through her orgasm and then brought her to another before ultimately succumbing to his own pleasure. Moira made hasty good-byes, saying she had to get ready for my impending arrival. Rodney seemed to understand because he cleared out after giving her one last smoldering kiss.

I was coming in the back door as he left out the front. Moira didn't even wait for me to meet her in the bedroom. She pressed herself up against the wall, and I took her like

that, my cock finding the splendid wetness left over by her previous lover. I held her against the wall and told her how sexy she'd looked being fucked by the handsome trainer.

"Rodney's going to come over on Friday night," she said when we parted. "I told him you were going to be out at a poker game."

I looked down into her big beautiful eyes, and I felt myself stirring all over again. Moira led me to the bedroom, sprawled on the mattress, and parted her legs, waiting for me to fuck her all over again. "Can I watch?" I asked as I slid inside.

*Mr. Ricky M.,  
San Jose, California*

### **STELLA GOES THE EXTRA MILE TO GIVE HER HUBBY WHAT HE CRAVES**

Stella stands out in a crowd. Even the crowd at our favorite packed—if somewhat seedy—dance club.

The third Thursday of the month is the night she goes the extra mile. I always anticipate it, and the few times we've missed playing, I've felt the absence of our fun and desperately craved another naughty adventure. And my wife felt the same way.

I stood at the bar with my piss-poor gin and tonic and watched her dance her way through the crowd. She wore a short silver-and-black dress and heels that were much shorter than all the other girls'. Stella is nearly six feet tall; she doesn't need five-inch fuck-me pumps.

A tall man in a black tee and well-worn jeans danced up to her and moved in close. He was brave enough to let his hand brush across the flare of her hip. Her dark hair swayed, lit blue and pink with club lights as she turned to see who'd been bold enough to approach her. When she smiled at him, I knew he was the one. That smile was as familiar to me as the scent of her or the



way she laughed after a few glasses of wine.

She moved sinuously toward the corner she favored. A nearly black corner of the club where no lights reached. She'd scoped it out that very first time, and now she returned to it like a loyal acolyte. I grabbed my drink and followed along, making my way along the far wall that led to her beloved space.

I could see the flash of her pale skin and just barely make out the sound of her laugh. She had her quarry pinned there, his back to the corner as she danced. He didn't seem to mind. He reached out and took the end of a long lock of thick hair. He tugged it, and I felt my cock

too. In fact, it was, and I was standing at a distance.

She stroked him slowly, sliding her thumb over the cap of his cock. Then she stroked her fist back down to his root. After a moment of that, she bent, ass still shaking to the music, and sucked him into her mouth. I imagined the heat of it, the wetness, and the damp, velvety feel of her tongue moving up his shaft.

I blew out a breath to keep from passing out.

She sucked him until he was all worked up. His gaze darted here and there to see if anyone was objecting to their play. No one seemed to care—except me. Stella slipped her fingers into his zipper as she licked

Stella's head dropped  
back and her eyelids fluttered  
shut as the stranger  
drove into her over and over again.

grow hard. It was always something small that set me off. Some little gesture or action that made my excitement for what was to come rapidly grow in intensity.

I moved a bit closer, blocking others from getting near. I had the right angle, able to see her and him. She impeded the view of the crowd by keeping herself positioned in front of him. When the beat of the music changed—some haunting melody from the eighties—she pulled his zipper down. Her delicate fingers disappeared into his fly, and then she pulled him free. His cock was hard and ready for her.

If she were dancing in front of me in that dress with that look on her face, my cock would be rock-hard,

him, no doubt tickling his balls.

His head hit the wall and his eyes drifted shut, but only for a second. Because she'd stopped. She rose and pulled him toward her and then turned swiftly, swapping their positions. She had her back pressed to the corner, and she inched her dress up her thighs playfully.

He took the hint, reaching for her hem, tugging it with hesitant fingers that finally grew bold as she wriggled there, like a beautiful butterfly pinned to a board.

Beneath the dress, Stella was bare. I already knew that. But when the hem rode above her hips, exposing her shaved pussy, I still released a low moan. No one would ever hear me above the pounding bass of the

music or the eerie singing.

He reached for her leg and lifted it high, and Stella pushed back against the wall, baring herself as fully as she could in a standing position. Near them, people danced and swayed. No one seemed to notice. If any did, they kept quiet so they could finish watching the show.

She found him with her hand, stroking his shaft and circling the wet slit of her pussy with his cockhead. Finally, she tugged the back of his neck with one hand and his cock with the other. He slid into her on one fast, hard stroke.

Stella shivered visibly, and her eyelids fluttered shut as the stranger drove into her over and over again. I

naughty girl. She thrust her ass back and spread her legs wide. He took the offer, driving into her cunt from behind, holding her full ass in his big hands.

I imagined I could hear the wet slap of their coupling, but probably not. The deafening music rattled the walls and shook the ceiling.

I inched a closer, hearing a sharp cry from my supremely sexy wife. She'd be on the verge of coming right about now.

I was practically at the stranger's shoulder when she climaxed. The man wasn't far behind. He thrust deep a few more times, and then withdrew, grabbing his cock and coming with a fierce arc across her

She thrust her ass  
back and spread her legs wide.  
He took the offer,  
driving into her cunt from behind.

felt the vibration of the music in my teeth, felt the sight of them fucking impacting my cock.

I shoved my fists into my pockets. I wanted to touch myself, wanted to touch her. But instead I was simply watching. It's what I was there to do.

I turned slightly for a better view: him cupping her ass, humping her like an animal. I was close enough to pick up on her subtle cries, close enough to see the way the very tip of her pink tongue darted out from between her teeth as he drove into her.

The music shifted, a techno dance song that I felt in my sternum. Her eyes flitted toward me, found me, and she smiled. Then she broke free from him, turned her body so her head was hidden in the corner like a

lower back and asscheeks.

I felt dizzy. My cock throbbed in time with my heart.

When she righted herself and tugged her dress down, Stella turned. She was smiling, wild eyed and wild haired. She patted the guy's cheek, her eyes locked on me.

"Thanks—I needed that. But my ride's here," she said, practically shouting above the music but still barely audible to me.

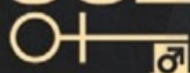
Then she slid past him and slipped her arm through mine. "Take me home, sweetie. I'm dying for some time alone with you . . ." She laughed, tossing back her head. "And for some goddamn silence."

*Mr. Patrick D.,  
Miami, Florida*





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# Alexis & Lexi





As the evening draws to a close, the men file out of the dungeon and silence falls on Alexis's den of debauchery. She'd enjoyed playing with her devoted boy toys, but her mind kept wandering back to sweet little Lexi. The petite blonde had been busy with her own slaves but counted down the minutes until she'd once again be in thrall to the ravishing brunette.

















As Lexi spanked one lucky bad boy, she imagined Alexis taking her over her knee. Reality is even better than her fantasy, and with her own pussy aching, Lexi pays homage to her mistress's cunt with luxurious licks before teasing her with their favorite toy.
















Knowing that she's pleasing her dear domme, Lexi shivers with satisfaction. Her thighs grow slick with arousal, and she hopes Alexis will grant her permission to come. These luscious ladies are of the same mind, as Alexis loves to see Lexi lost in lust; her climax is the perfect end to their pervy night.





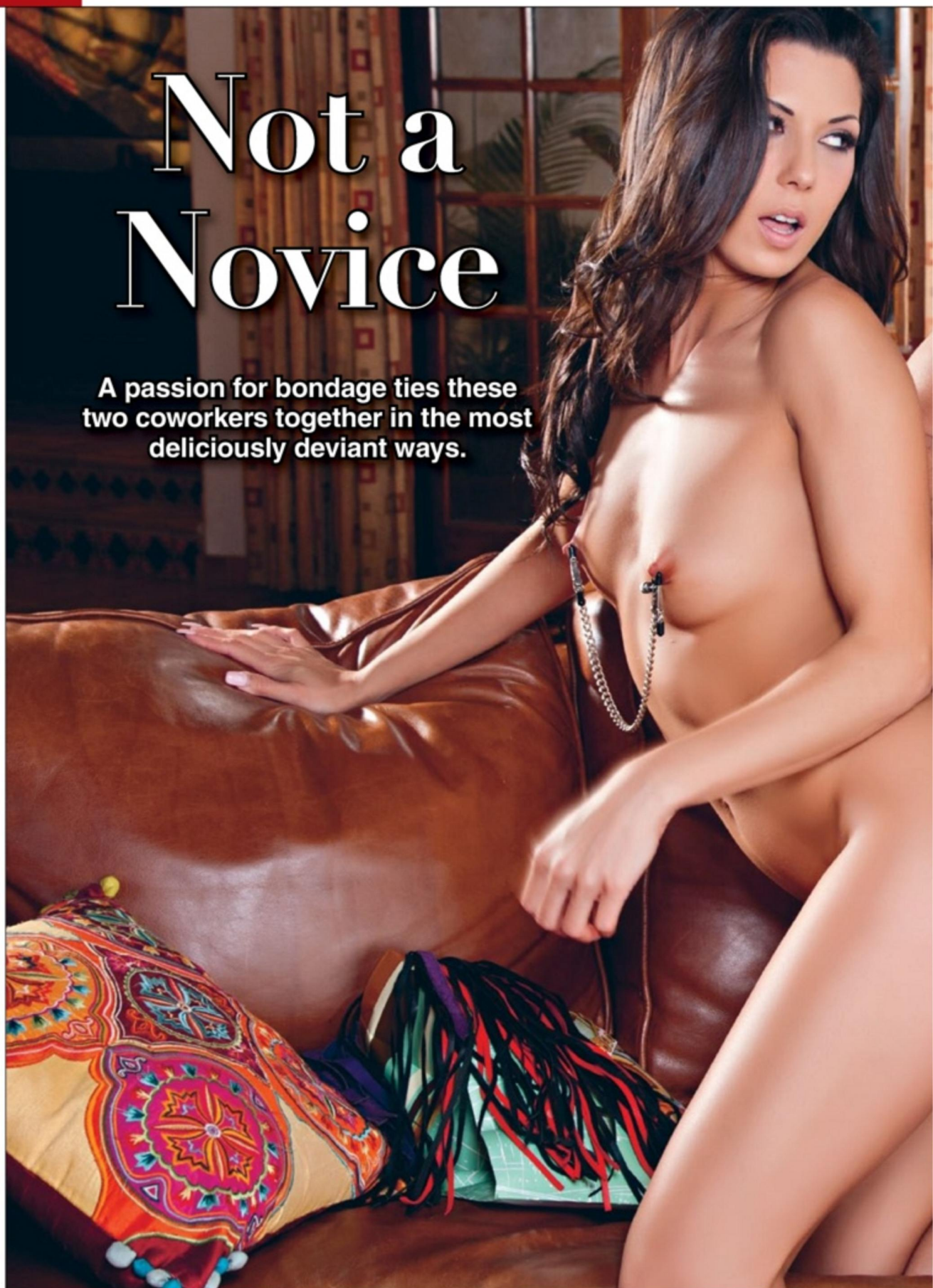




## Dominant Sexplay

# Not a Novice

A passion for bondage ties these two coworkers together in the most deliciously deviant ways.





By Eleanor Chambers





SOME coworkers and I went out for drinks after work on Friday night. The workweek felt longer than five days, I swear. The days had contained far more than twenty-four hours. At least, that's how it felt. I was practically limp with sweet Friday relief as I settled into a corner booth. My favorite coworker, Marcus, sat next to me.

"TGIF," I said as I raised my glass to his.

"I like different letters," he told me.

I tilted my head, suddenly curious. "What do you mean?"

"After a week this, I tend to crave something more than a beer to relax."

"Like tequila?"

I felt the heat coming off him in waves. My own heart was beating pretty damn fast. I looked around, but none of our coworkers were paying us any attention. Two were at the dartboard. The others were shooting pool.

"Tell me more about your favorite letters," I said. My voice was as low as his. Marcus grinned at me. His smile sent a jolt directly to my clit. I felt as if we were already bound together in some way, tied in lust. I knew enough about kink to understand what those letters meant, but I had to know what they meant to Marcus. Different people hang at different ends of the kinky spectrum.

"I can't tell you here," he said.

He gently held  
my wrists in one of his hands. With  
me pinned like that,  
he continued to kiss me. I squirmed  
on the sofa.

He shook his head. He was flirting with me. I could tell. But I didn't understand what he was getting at. He leaned closer to me and said, "Do you really want to know?" He smelled so good—a little spicy aftershave and then that scent of man. He brushed his dark curly hair out of his eyes and licked his lip.

For some reason, I felt myself getting wet with arousal. I shifted in the leather booth, and then I said, "Yeah, I really want to know."

"Forget TGIF," he said, "I prefer BDSM."

My heart started to race. I stared at him to make sure he wasn't teasing me. He didn't look as if he was teasing. His eyes were burning right into mine, and

"Then where?"

"At my place."

We'd been flirting for months, and for months I'd been waiting for him to make the first move. I was more than ready to take our relationship up a notch. And I was beside myself with the realization that he was interested in the same things I was.

I finished my drink and said, "Let's go."

We waved to our coworkers as we left the restaurant. I was sure our leaving together would cause some gossip in the break room, but I didn't care. Marcus drove me to his apartment. The whole time, I waited for him to tell me more. He wouldn't give me any clues, but he





did set one of his hands on my thigh during the trip. Flickers of desire danced through me. At the red lights, we kissed passionately. I could tell that whatever we did, he was right. This was going to erase the hellish week far better than a night of darts and shots.

In his apartment, he took my sweater from me and sat me on the sofa next to him. His living room was decorated in a sleek, masculine style, but I didn't pay too much heed to my surroundings. I wanted what Marcus had taunted me with. He already knew I was interested, but I appreciated the fact that he started slow. We kissed a little more, and then he gently held both of my wrists in one of his hands. With me pinned like that, he continued to kiss me. I squirmed on the sofa, my panties clinging to me.

"Do you like that?" he asked.

"Yes," I sighed, understanding what he was asking. He wanted to know if I liked my wrists held. It was as if he had a key to my fantasies, because I've always enjoyed being with a dominant lover.

MARCH 2016

"Would you let me do more?" he asked. He was so polite, so cautious. After working with him for the past two years, I knew quite a lot about him. I knew he vacationed in Aspen, knew he'd gone to school at a private college back east. But I hadn't known he was kinky or that he'd push my desires to the breaking point.

"What do you want to do?" I asked, breathless.

"I'd like to bind your wrists together and lick your pussy," he said. "For starters."

That sounded good to me, and I told him so as soon as I could find my voice.

"Do you want to give me a safeword?" he asked. "In case I do anything that makes you want me to stop."

I thought for a moment. Then I said, "TGIF."

He seemed to like that. It wasn't exactly a word, but it would work.

He didn't take off my clothes. He went to his bedroom and returned with a pair of handcuffs. They were simple



steel ones. He demonstrated that he had the key and that the key worked. Then he set the key on the table and bound my wrists together. I was trembling all over. This was perhaps the most exciting thing that had ever happened to me. Not that I hadn't played sex games before, but discovering that my crush and I shared the same type of fantasies was a heady rush.

Marcus moved to the floor in front of the couch. First, he slipped my boots off. Then he reached under my dress and pulled off my stockings. He moved with the patient attitude I was accustomed to from the office. Marcus never hurries. He is a thoughtful coworker, and he appeared to be an equally thoughtful lover.

held my breath, waiting for him to bring his mouth to the split of my body. I knew what his warm, wet tongue would feel like on my clit. My heart was pounding so loud. I was nearly vibrating. Then Marcus looked up at me and said, "May I use this on you?" He opened his palm and held a small clip in front of my eyes.

"What is it?"

"It's a little clamp. It will fit over your clit." He showed me how the clamp opened and shut. "Do you want to feel it on your hand first?"

I nodded.

He opened the device and clipped it to my pinkie. There was no flare of pain, just a little pinch, but I had the feeling

I set my bound wrists  
against the back of his neck, lightly  
exerting pressure to let  
him know that I loved every spiral  
of his tongue.

When he lifted the hem of my dress, exposing my black satin panties, I was awash in shivers. My whole body was quaking with anticipation. Slowly, carefully, Marcus moved forward and sucked my pussy through my underpants. I leaned back against the sofa, absolutely floored by the pleasure. He wet the entire front panel of my knickers with his mouth. I set my bound wrists against the back of his neck, lightly exerting pressure to let him know that I loved every spiral of his tongue, every pull of his mouth on my pussy through the fabric.

Only when I started to seriously gyrate on his sofa did Marcus use his fingertips to drag the gusset of my panties to the right, revealing my naked skin. I

the sensation would be wildly different when he put the clamp on my clit.

"What do you think, Eleanor?"

"Yes," I said. "Yes, please."

"You can safeword at any time," he reminded me. I understood, but I didn't think I would.

He had an intent look on his face as he parted my pussy lips with two fingers, revealing my swollen clitoris. Suddenly, I felt the clamp on my clit. I sucked in my breath and then exhaled in a rush.

"How do you feel?" Marcus asked me.

How did I feel? Incredibly, almost indescribably, turned on. My cheeks were hot and flushed. I imagined they were a very vibrant pink. Marcus studiously focused his attention on my pussy





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and then on my face. He seemed to be pleased by my reaction. I wasn't telling him to remove the clamp. I was, if anything, learning how to absorb the pain/pleasure mix that the toy was causing. Marcus waited a few more seconds, then he removed the clamp and immediately sucked hard on my clit. The sensation was spectacular. I came in a blaze. I didn't even sense the climax approaching. I went from feeling the clamp on my clit to feeling Marcus's magic tongue, to falling into an orgasm that was almost overwhelmingly powerful.

I didn't even realize I was making any noise until I heard myself whimpering, "Oh, my God, oh, my God," over

some face. "Do tell."

"I don't," I said. "Kiss and tell, that is. But know that I'm not a novice. You can tell me what you want to do rather than ask me each time . . ."

I hoped he would get what I wanted. He left the room again, and this time when he returned he had several devices in his hands. It had been months since my last encounter with a dominant partner. My pussy was swimming with sex juices as Marcus brandished each item. The first was a velvet blindfold. The next was a paddle—shiny red on one side, black on the other. Finally, there was a little playful-looking flogger with fine, almost delicate-appearing fronds in

He gave me several  
firm blows before pausing to pull  
the bikinis right below  
my butt. I felt the paddle kiss my naked  
skin for the first time.

and over. The sound was like a melody, a mantra, and I only stopped when the spasms of ecstasy slowly abated.

When I caught my breath, I found myself staring directly into Marcus's eyes. He had watched me throughout my entire orgasm, and he looked delighted that he'd made me feel as good as I so obviously felt.

"Are you interested in trying something else?" he asked.

I appreciated how solicitous he was throughout this erotic endeavor, but I was ready for him to stop asking and start doing.

"This isn't my first time playing like this," I said tentatively.

A broad smile broke over his hand-

blush-pink suede.

"So, Miss Not-a-Novice, what do you think about these?"

"I think I'm going to have a lovely night," I told him. He seemed to agree. In a flash, he settled himself on the sofa at my side. Then he bent me over his lap, and he tucked up the hem of my dress in the back. I still had on the panties, which he left in place while he spanked me with the paddle. He gave me several firm blows before pausing long enough to pull the bikinis right below my butt. I felt the paddle kiss my naked skin for the first time, and I settled my face against the sofa cushion. I didn't know how many spanks he'd land. He didn't give me a number or tell me to count.



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But after several stinging smacks to each cheek, he set the paddle down and stroked my ass with his firm palm.

I practically purred. Marcus laughed low. I could tell my responses worked for him. He'd clearly met the submissive to match his dominant. He lifted me up then and unfastened the cuffs on my wrists. I stared at him, waiting for a command.

"Take your clothes off," he said. "I want you entirely nude."

I stripped while he watched, feeling his eyes taking in all parts of me. He already knew my pussy was shaved. He did not know about my pierced nipples, did not know about the tiny tattoos. He

evening in the living room. He hadn't wanted to play all his cards at once. His room was a BDSM paradise, a deviant nirvana. The bed frame was made of burnished steel, perfect for attaching bindings. There was an open cabinet filled with a variety of naughty devices. When Marcus had brought the items to the living room, he'd simply grabbed a few of the many he owned.

I started laughing.

"You find this amusing?" he asked, clearly shocked by my response.

I shook my head. "It's only that I have a similar setup at my place," I told him.

We'd been office neighbors for two years. Who would have thought that our

He didn't tell me  
to count. But after several stinging  
smacks to each cheek, he set  
the paddle down and stroked my ass  
with his firm palm.

came forward and held me in his arms, kissing me as sweetly and gently as he had earlier in the evening. Then he bent to whisper in my ear, "Now I want to flog your pussy."

Oh, sweet nothings!

"Would you like that?"

"Yes, Marcus," I said. Then I tried out something else. "Yes, Sir."

Those lovely green eyes seemed to come alive when I said those words. We were connected by desire, bound by the carnal craving that ran through the two of us. He took his gear and led me to his bedroom, and for the first time, I realized what a kinky man resided in the office right next to mine. I also understood why we had spent the first portion of the

desires ran along the same kinky roads? Now that we knew, we weren't going to waste any more time!

Marcus bound me faceup on his mattress. Aware that he had a fellow kink practitioner in his bed, he stopped being quite so cautious. He slid the blindfold over my eyes, and then he tugged lightly on my nipple rings. I bucked as much as the bindings would allow.

"I love how responsive you are," he said. "I should have guessed that you would be into this type of environment. At work, you seem to absorb every idea before making your own decisions. You really taste the whole package, never jumping to conclusions. That's what you're like in bed, too, isn't it?"

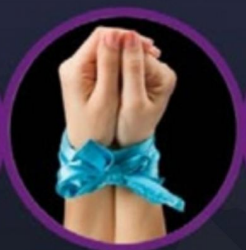
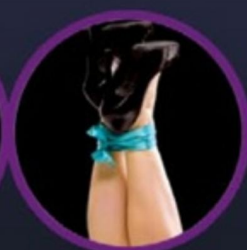
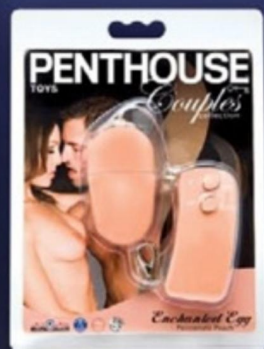
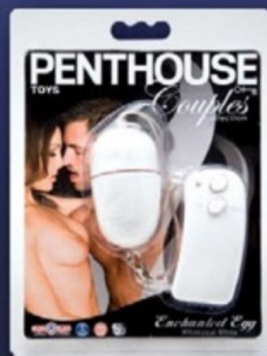


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And then I felt the first bite of the flogger. He had timed the motion perfectly. The tiny tails danced across my pussy lips. I bit down a moan, steeling myself for the next blow. Marcus surprised me. He didn't land another stroke of the flogger right away. Instead, he climbed onto the mattress with me, and now I felt his mouth on my breasts, first on one, then the other. He was tugging my rings with his teeth. I thought that sensation might make me come.

Before I could grow accustomed to this treat, he stood once more and landed two blows in rapid succession. My pussy positively gushed. This type of sex play works perfectly for me. I have a toler-

brought a vibrator to the bed, and he was gently running the tip of the toy around my hole. I nearly lost my mind then. The endorphins were dancing inside me. His prowess with the toy had me begging. Marcus didn't give in. Once he felt I'd had enough of the vibrator, he used the flogger again. He was an expert with this device. The fronds caught my asshole, my pussy lips, my clamp-covered clit. He let one stinging blow land, and I was almost coming again. This time, though, I had the mental awareness to ask for permission. "May I come, Sir?" I begged.

There was a hesitation, as if he might say no. That wouldn't have turned out

The fronds caught  
my asshole, my pussy lips, my  
clamp-covered clit. He  
let one stinging blow land, and I was  
almost coming again.

ance for the pain, and the spark of it blends so quickly into pleasure. I raised my hips off the bed, wordlessly begging him for more. He set the flogger down again, and this time, he parted my nether lips and slid the clamp back on. I howled. My clit felt twice its normal size. Marcus was creating a whirlwind of desires and emotions inside me. And I hadn't even seen his dick yet!

"Can you get off from a flogging?" he asked me.

I nodded.

"Wrong response."

"Yes, Sir," I said because he'd seemed to like that before.

"Let me help you out," Marcus said, and then I felt something new. He'd

well for me. I was so close I could taste the pleasure, hanging there over me.

"Come, Eleanor," he said, and I did. I thrashed on the bed, as much as the bindings would allow. Then I sank back into the mattress, spent, as he removed the clamp and took off the blindfold. He undid the bindings, as well, and I wondered what he had in mind for me next. He wasn't finished, was he?

I shouldn't have worried. Marcus never leaves a job half-done. He bound me once more, but this time I was on my stomach with a pillow wedged under me. He left me enough slack so that I could raise my hips into the air. I turned my head and watched as Marcus undressed. The majesty of his naked form amazed



me. I had always admired his lean physique. I'd had no idea that he was absolutely cut, his muscles sleek and powerful. Here was the dom of my dirty dreams!

He climbed onto the bed with me, and I felt his dick probing my pussy from behind. As he had all evening, he took his time. He knew I'd already climaxed twice, and he seemed to be in no rush to reach his own erotic finish line. First, he butted his cockhead against my slippery pussy lips. Then he dragged the tip of his cock between my nether lips, making sure to bump right against my clit. I was still jangling all over from the last orgasm. This move made me cry out.

on the conversation, but he was making me dizzy with pleasure.

"And the way you dress," he continued.

"Dress," I echoed, trying to stay on track. But damn. The man had me teetering already!

"Your black boots with the silver buckles. Very BDSM. The slip you wear with the lace that comes a little past the hem of your skirt. Slightly too risqué for the office . . ."

He kept pushing hard, and I knew that he was going to make me come again explosively.

I wished I could have told him that I'd guessed the same things about him. But

He climbed onto  
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from behind. As he had all evening,  
he took his time.

"Beg me," he said.

I knew instinctively what he wanted. "Fuck me, Marcus," I whispered. Then, "Fuck me, Sir."

On these words, he entered me. He was thick and long, and he filled me with perfect precision.

"I've always wondered whether you were into kink," he said as he worked me. His fine fingers held on to my waist, and he drove in fast and furious.

"What made you think that?" I asked, panting.

"Just little tells," he said. "Double entendres that I got but that seemed to go over the heads of our coworkers." He lifted the vibrator again, and he brought the toy to my clit directly. I tried to focus

his kinky streak had been a delicious unexpected surprise to me. So I said that right before I asked for permission to come once more.

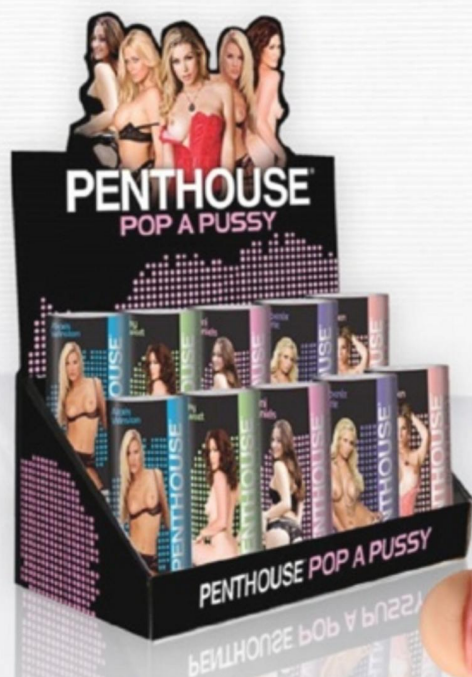
"Together," he said, and we did. He shot off inside me, and I felt the vibrations flowing to every part of my body. I sighed as I came, feeling as if I might turn to liquid from the release. Marcus pulled out and set me free. That is, he undid the bindings, but he replaced them by cradling me in his strong embrace.

We'd found each other—two kinky souls in a sea of vanilla.

I knew from then on, whenever we had a difficult week, we'd unwind in the dirtiest ways together. Forget TGIF. Thank goodness for bondage!



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## Casual Encounters





By Tamara Halkan

A woman with long brown hair is lying on a bed with white linens. She is looking over her right shoulder towards the camera. The background is slightly blurred, showing a patterned curtain and a white wall.

# Spring Fling

**A sizzling connection with  
a handsome stranger makes this vacation  
the hottest one ever!**





**M**Y FRIENDS and I used to hit up Florida's spring break scene every March, but this year we decided to try California for our last taste of spring craziness. Some students at our college had been to San Diego, and they said the Mission Beach district served up sunshine, sandy beaches, nightclubs and wild good times. The six of us who were going were all about to graduate in June, so there was definitely a sense that *this was it*, our last chance to live it up.

Our destination certainly looked like Party Central. Tourist shops, restaurants and bars lined the streets. Beyond the buildings, we caught glimpses of a broad beach and the sparkling sea. Throngs of college students wearing swimsuits and flip-flops gathered at every street corner

and crosswalk on their way to the beach. I spotted several young women in revealing suits. Their brash confidence gave me the urge to go shopping for some risqué swimwear at the first opportunity.

Our condo for the week was right on the beach. We were able to afford it, barely, by pooling our resources. A paved path for joggers and bicyclists was all that stood between the condo and the sand. Great location, yes, but inside it was pretty small for six people. We gave one of the two bedrooms to Jason and Carrie, the only exclusive couple among us. Nick and Felix, both easygoing guys, agreed to split time between the sofa sleeper and the floor in the main room, which left the second bedroom for Jenna and me. However, the whole gang had to share the only bathroom.





Outside, the party vibe of Mission Beach worked its magic on me. I felt a sense of elation and an irresistible urge to break out, to try new things. My friends and I took surfing lessons, played beach volleyball and met a lot of interesting people. I bought a green-and-black thong bikini, which gave Jenna and Carrie the courage to get racy new suits of their own. When the sun went down, we followed the crowds to the neighborhood hotspots. Through it all, the most basic of human instincts burned inside me like a low-grade fever, demanding to be satisfied. I was in the mood for sex, and the mood grew stronger with each passing day.

One morning near the end of the week, I rented a bike and rode along the pathway past the endless row of condos

facing the beach. People sat in their little courtyards sipping coffee, talking on cell phones or watching passersby like me. One man sat in a deck chair reading his tablet. Our eyes met briefly as I passed, and he smiled. *Good-looking guy*, I thought, swerving a little.

Just then my rented bike made an ugly grinding sound, and the pedals jammed. I wobbled slowly to the edge of the path and half fell off, much to my embarrassment.

"You okay?"

The handsome guy was walking up.

"Oh, I'm—yeah," I stammered. "Fine." I sat up and turned to my crippled bicycle to hide the fact that I was blushing. "I think the chain came off."

"Maybe I can help." He knelt beside me to examine the bike. He was some-



what older than me, maybe thirty, with gorgeous blue eyes, sandy-brown hair and a lean, toned physique. I was glad that I'd worn my sexiest short-shorts and bikini top for my ride.

"I can fix this for you in five minutes at the place where I'm staying," the man offered.

"That would be great," I replied.

His hand brushed against mine as he picked up the bike. "I'm Duncan," he said, with a disarming smile.

"Tamara." I smiled, too, feeling quite turned on.

I followed him through the gate into his patio area. He leaned the bike against the wall and said, "Be right back."

When I described the condo my friends and I were living in for the week, Duncan chuckled wryly. "That makes me feel rotten. Six of you in that place, and here I am all by myself with room to spare. You should see the shower!"

All too soon, my bike was ready. I wanted to stay, but I couldn't think of an excuse to linger. "Thanks so much for helping me out," I said, giving Duncan an impulsive peck on the cheek.

"Sure thing," he said. "It was nice meeting you."

I walked the bike toward his open gate. Mounting the seat, something made me glance back. Duncan was watching me with such keen appreciation and

Swells of sensation  
washed over me when his lips pressed  
to my hot button. Duncan  
began licking my clit with such finesse  
that my body trembled.

I was alone with my racing thoughts while he went inside. Duncan's condo, a two-story affair with a killer balcony, was much newer and larger than the one I was sharing with my friends. He emerged a moment later with a glass of water for me and a couple of tools for the bike. We talked while he worked, and I learned that he was in town to attend a business conference.

"I always wanted to stay in one of these beach condos," he noted. "I used to come down here for spring break. Last time was eight years ago, my senior year in college. I'd look at these places and dream. Now that I can afford it, I thought *Why not?* Gotta give it up tomorrow, though. Flying home in the morning."

longing that my breath caught in my throat. I felt a smile spread across my face, unbidden and probably quite lecherous. Everything felt different suddenly. We had moved light-years ahead, into the realm of open desire. I was not going to blow it by simply riding off!

*You should see the shower,* he'd said. "The worst thing about sharing a bathroom with five other people," I ventured, "is getting shower time. And when it is my turn, the shower runs out of hot water half the time."

"Hmmm, that sucks," he remarked. "You're truly welcome to use mine."

That's how I ended up inside his condo. The shower really was a fancy affair, with multiple spray heads, a seat





in the corner, and room enough for two. There was even a window—discreetly positioned at eye level—that looked out on the beach.

I stripped bare in front of Duncan, turned on the water and stepped in. “Join me?”

He hardly needed my summons. We’d both known what was going to happen the moment I accepted his invitation.

We came together in the midst of the hot spray, kissing and touching and reaching for secret places. Duncan’s strong, lithe body fit perfectly against mine. With one hand on my waist, he slid his other hand along my wet skin and around back to cup my ass. I ran my fingers over his chest, then down his belly. In the small space between us, I curled my hand around his erection and stroked him from stem to stern. He thrust gently into my grasp while bringing both of his clenching hands to my backside. We swayed together, feeling our mutual hunger grow fiercer by the second.

Duncan pushed me up against the

shower wall. I arched my back as he bent to kiss and fondle my breasts. While his mouth closed over my nipple, his hand slipped between my thighs. His touch made my breath come faster. I moaned and ran my fingers through his wet hair as tingles of pleasure coursed through my skin. Duncan slid his free hand down the length of my body as he knelt on the shower floor. I spread my feet wide, eagerly anticipating his ministrations where I wanted them most.

Gripping my hips, Duncan buried his face in my blond bush. I felt his mouth on my swollen lips and his inquisitive tongue in my groove, seeking my clit. Swells of sensation washed over me when his lips pressed to my hot button. Duncan began licking my clit with such finesse that my entire body trembled.

Feeling weak in the knees, I slid over to the small shelf and sat down. Duncan pivoted and resumed his excellent oral manipulation of my private parts. I held his head between my thighs and closed my eyes, wholly focused on the buildup



of sensations he was triggering. "Jesus, that's it, that's it!" I cried into the swirling steam. Duncan's tongue flicked ever more rapidly across my clit, and I climaxed a moment later, my thighs clenching tightly against his ears as my pussy soaked his face.

We waited until I caught my breath, and then we stumbled out of the shower together. After a hasty and not entirely successful attempt to towel each other dry, we headed to Duncan's bed, where we rolled about and stroked one another's damp, dewy-fresh skin. "You are beautiful," said Duncan, "and I'm a very lucky man."

I giggled and said, "Not half as lucky as I am." My hand found his hard cock, which was in desperate need of action. I pushed Duncan flat on his back and climbed on top of him. "I need you to fuck me, and I need it right now," I declared, gazing at my companion through tangled strands of my wet hair.

Duncan looked up at me with those magnetic blue eyes of his and massaged my tits while I fitted his prick into my pussy. Sinking down his thick shaft, I felt new waves of pleasure flow through me. Once fully impaled, I gripped his shoulders and began to ride him with a slow, sensual up-and-down motion. When I bent low over him, he rubbed his face against my breasts. "Yeah, baby," I said, maintaining my rhythm. "Suck my tits while I fuck you. Suck hard; I like it like that."

He did as I demanded, sending extra sparks of ecstasy through my frame.

"Do you like the way I feel around your dick?" I inquired.

His answer was a helpless moan. Still gazing deep into my eyes, he flexed his hips, pushing into me each time I bottomed out against his balls. "Oh, fuck," I murmured, nearly overwhelmed by the weighty feel and impressive length of his manhood as it delved within me. "I love your cock, Duncan! It fills me up so good."

I increased my pace, riding him faster

and faster. My hair swished wildly back and forth, blinding me, but my eyes were half-shut anyway as I luxuriated in the blissful eroticism of the moment. Duncan's hands went to my hips, then around back to squeeze my asscheeks. My cunt was dripping wet, and a sizeable orgasm loomed on the horizon. I needed only a bit more stimulation of my clitoris, and I'd find myself sky-high.

Duncan rolled us over then, nicely executing the maneuver for both of us so that he was never dislodged from my pussy. On top of me now, he began fucking me missionary-style, which tweaked my clit just right. "Ooh—ooh—ooh," I chanted in time with his thrusts. It wasn't going to take me long! I wrapped my legs around his waist and urged him deeper. He reared up on his arms and gave in to his passion. The bed squeaked and thumped against the wall as Duncan jackhammered his cock into my welcoming channel. I became almost delirious, unable to form words but capably filling the room with exultant cries. My moment of ecstasy made me grab on to Duncan with all four limbs and whimper into his ear.

He was close to coming, too. Holding me fast against him with one arm beneath my shoulders, he looked out the broad window onto the beach and flexed half a dozen times more into my sopping-wet pussy. Then he lost it. I felt him tense all over, and as his body went rigid, the hot spurting flow of his semen filled me. I stroked his sweaty back and rode his pulsations of release along with him.

Afterward, we lounged on the bed for a while, relaxing in a rectangle of sunlight from the window. "That was incredible, Tamara," Duncan said softly, tracing gentle circles around my breasts.

Before leaving, I gave him my cell number and my condo's address. "If you want to hang out tonight, meet my friends, whatever—text me." We shared a final kiss, and I rode off down the path.

Back at the condo, my friends remarked on the smile that wouldn't leave





my face. I mentioned that I'd met a guy and left it at that, but they gleaned the truth. I kept thinking about my encounter with Duncan.

After sunset, as we sat around listening to music, eating pizza and drinking beer outside on the patio, I received a text from Duncan. "What are you doing right now?" he wanted to know.

"Having pizza and beer," I texted back. "Come get some."

Imagine my surprise when he showed up less than a minute later! He had a pizza box in one hand, a six-pack in the other, and a big grin on his face.

"Right on, we can always use more," said Nick, before I'd even had a chance to make introductions.

Jenna leaned close and whispered, "Is that him?"

The others gathered around, too. I laughed and said, "Everyone, meet Duncan."

He had picked up the food on impulse and started for our place well before texting me. *That's confidence*, I thought to

myself, giggling with amusement.

My friends liked Duncan, and vice versa, but he hadn't come over only to meet them, of course. From the moment he walked up, I knew what he'd come for, and it was perfect—because I wanted the same thing.

"This is my last chance to see you," he said when we got a moment alone. "I couldn't stop thinking about this morning."

"I'm glad you came," I replied. "I've been thinking about you all day, too."

At the first opportunity, we slipped away from the others. Duncan's place was too far for the kind of urgency we were feeling, so I took his hand and led him around the side of the building, into the dark alley between the condos. Since the lighted walkway from the beach to the street was on the other side, I was pretty sure we'd have privacy here.

In our fervent kiss, I felt his need—strident, powerful, the equal of my own. His hands went to my breasts and released them from the confines of my



bikini top, while I fumbled with the drawstring of his board shorts. Pushing Duncan against the wall, I dropped to my knees before him and pulled his shorts down to his ankles. His cock leapt free, fully erect and bobbing in front of my face. It occurred to me that we were re-enacting our first moves in the shower at his place that very morning, only in reverse. I was the aggressor now, and I was consumed with the desire to suck Duncan's cock. I closed my lips around the fleshy crown of his organ. As I eased forward, engulfing its length, I felt its pulsations against my tongue. Duncan rested his hands on my shoulders and began to pump his rod between my lips.

and ultimately seeking my crevasse. His fingers dipped into my wetness, making me tremble mightily against him. When Duncan withdrew his hand and placed the head of his cock at my opening, I let out a whimper of excitement. Claspings him around the neck, I tried to wrap my legs around his waist but my panties still clung to my knees, preventing me. With an impatient curse, I pulled the garment completely off and kicked it away. Unfettered now, I got my legs around Duncan while he pressed me to the wall. His hands were under my ass, and his cock slipped easily into my pussy.

"Oh sweet Jesus, that feels good," I muttered as Duncan began to saw into

His fingers dipped  
into my wetness, making me tremble.  
When Duncan withdrew  
and placed the head of his cock at my  
opening, I let out a whimper.

I took his thrusts with hungry devotion while reaching around to palm his ass. The fragrant sea breeze wafted through the alley. In the semi-darkness, I bobbed on his shaft, my lips tightly circling his dick, my fingers gripping his glutes, until his breath grew shallow and his turgid manhood dripped pre-come onto my tongue. The taste inflamed my passion, and I stood up, desperate to fuck.

Duncan turned us around so that my back was to the wall. The length of his hard-on pressed against my bare belly as we locked lips again. He pushed my skirt up, bunching it around my waist, then found my panties in his way and yanked those down. A moment later I felt his hand on my vulva, caressing my mound

me. He fucked me faster, settling into a sweet rhythm that made me see stars.

On the lighted bike path, maybe twenty yards away, a cyclist rode by, oblivious to our presence in the gloom. I could hear the sounds of music and laughter from around the corner as my friends continued to party, and above that, the relentless crashing of the surf upon the beach. Most immediate, though, were the sounds of lovemaking as Duncan and I undulated against one another in the darkness of the alley. He leveraged me between himself and the wall, and I clung to him, my thighs clutching his hips and my arms encircling his neck. Duncan's fingers were in my asscrack, and his cock moved like a





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piston in my cunt. A few delirious minutes later, his whole body went rigid and he muffled his moans against my neck as his prick erupted. My clit was sparking insanely by this time, and the sudden pulsations of Duncan's rod unleashing its load inside me made me come, too. I coiled my fingers in his hair and held on to him tightly, riding out the waves.

When the moment passed, we slid down to the ground together and tried to catch our breath. Still holding one another, we kissed and laughed quietly at our outdoor antics. Duncan was still hard, and I was still horny, so I turned away from him on all fours and wagged my ass in his face. Duncan didn't miss a

being penetrated in both holes, and I loved the sense of naughtiness that came with it. The sensations drove me wild, and my unrestrained display of ecstasy provoked Duncan to greater heights of passion, too. He hooked his free hand around the curve of my hip and really pounded me good, until my cries of delight threatened to draw unwanted attention to our alleyway tryst.

"Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me," I yammered, incapable of choking off my shouts any longer. Fortunately, a particularly loud wave crashed ashore at just the right moment, and no one heard me but Duncan. Then I experienced a primal climax that robbed me of the power

I experienced a  
primal climax that robbed me of the  
power to make any sound.  
All I could do was ram backward at  
Duncan again and again.

beat. He knelt behind me, aimed his cock and slid back inside. I moaned as his stout pole filled my sex. Soon the randy sound of slapping flesh joined my moans as Duncan's hips smacked repeatedly against my rump. His hands were on my derriere, and he kneaded my fleshy cheeks as he jacked into me doggy-style.

"You have a beautiful ass," he whispered, giving me a little slap back there. I wished he would touch my tight hole, maybe even push a finger inside. Just as soon as I thought it, Duncan did exactly that. I felt the tip of his digit nudged inside my ass, and new ripples of bliss coursed through me, making me rock forward and back more ardently than ever against my companion. I loved

to make any sound at all. All I could do was ram backward at Duncan's powerful thrusts again and again. He grabbed hold of my hips with both hands and came while I was still reeling. Over and over, his balls slapped against my pussy lips as the last of his semen emptied into me. Dimly, I heard a seagull's cry and looked up in time to see the shadow of the big bird pass overhead, the only witness to our coupling.

Duncan and I said good-bye a few minutes later, and I watched him slip away into the darkness. When my friends and I departed for home the following afternoon, there was no question as to who among us had had the greatest, most memorable spring break of all.



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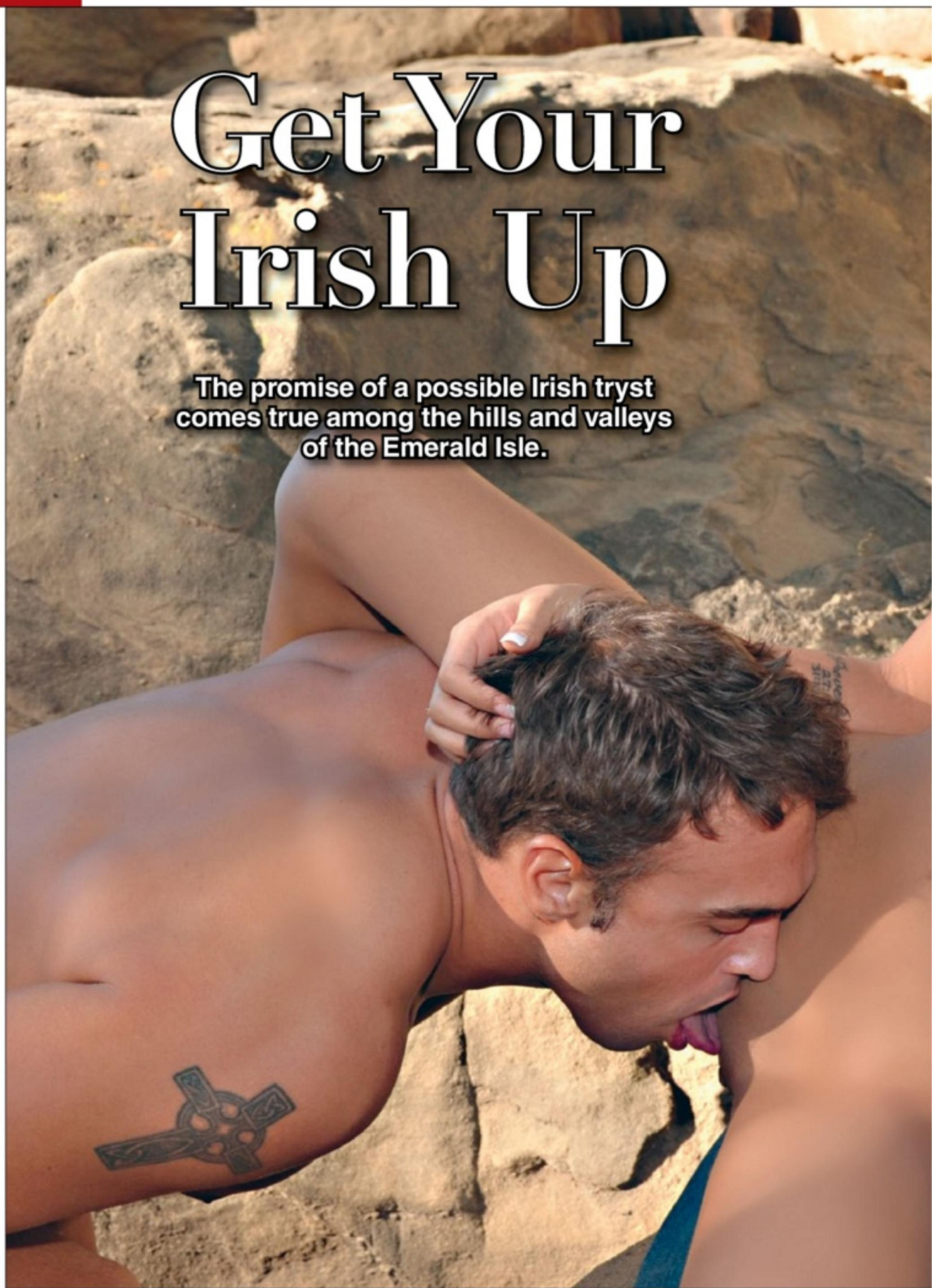
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# Get Your Irish Up

The promise of a possible Irish tryst comes true among the hills and valleys of the Emerald Isle.





By Denise Granger





**N**EVER BELIEVE the hype, right? I know this for a fact as I work for a PR firm. I can spin gold out of straw and make the mundane sound magical. But in this case, I really wanted to believe. Against my better judgment, I'd listened to Becky, my travel-agent girlfriend, who had sold me Ireland as an emerald wonderland of nonstop cock cheerfully provided by a local population of handsome young bucks.

Well, she hadn't lied about the color. Ireland was green, all right.

"Oh, those Irish studs," she'd said one afternoon, smiling over the brim of her café au lait. "I tell you, Denise, I'd hop

Part of me was hoping for a gotcha moment, but the other part really wanted a saucy story from her.

"Sure," Becky said immediately. "Let me tell you about Eoghan." She smiled sweetly.

The name was pronounced "Owen," but she spelled it for me, eyes twinkling. She had met Eoghan right in the middle of her two-week venture across the Irish countryside. She vividly described the scenery, the bucolic green of the hillsides, the brisk weather. For a moment I thought she was stalling, then she proceeded to tell me all about her lover.

He was a tall male, broad of shoulder. A handsome face, but one that had seen

His big shoulders  
pushed wide her thighs. She felt  
his breath on her  
already slick pussy, then the swipe  
of his tongue.

out of one bed in the morning, and before it was suppertime, some new randy lad would have swept me off my feet. I'd spend the night riding him raw. I didn't *once* stay at an inn."

Even that day I knew I was being conned, at least a little bit. But Becky painted such a romantic picture it was fun to get caught up in the fantasy. Besides, I was overdue for a vacation, and Ireland had always held a place in my imagination.

"Okay, then," I said, lifting up my own cup. We were at Becky's condo. "Who out of this seemingly endless parade of virile, brogue-talking men stands out most in your memory? Who was your best Irish lay?"

exposure to the elements. Strong hands, big-knuckled. His jaw was squarish, flecked with stubble. He wore country clothes that could have come from any time out of the past hundred years—a cloth shirt, boots, suspenders holding up well-traveled corduroy trousers. He even had a cap atop his mop of curly red hair.

With a smirk I asked, "Did central casting send him?" Secretly, I was enthralled by her portrait of a rugged Irishman.

"I pulled up to this tavern," Becky said. "It was out in the middle of nowhere. Ireland's got lots of middles of nowhere for such a small country. I was looking for a midday meal, and as I stood there stretching, I noticed this man





coming in from an adjacent field.”

He was as Becky had described him. He stepped over a low rock wall and strode up to her, taking off his cap and smiling. He told her the tavern was closed until the evening. She asked where she could get a bite to eat, all the while checking out this latest comely specimen of the Emerald Isle.

With a courtly bow he told her to follow him. He led her toward what she soon realized was a house.

She stopped him. “Oh, I meant a restaurant of some sort.”

His grin was broad. “What you be wantin’ restaurant food for? Fast food tastes the same the world over. Besides, I’d be honored to share my humble table with such a fine lady as yeself.”

I laughed at her imitation of an Irish accent, but I was anxious to know what happened next.

Of course, I knew what was coming—literally, *coming*. Becky is a vivacious woman, with a fine, curvy figure. She exudes a frank sexuality. Any straight

man in his right mind would want her.

This Eoghan evidently wanted her. After serving her a tasty plate of potatoes and fresh eggs, he made his move. Becky found herself sitting on the edge of the sturdy wooden kitchen table, her legs wrapped around the Irishman’s waist as they kissed deeply, passionately. She could feel his tantalizing hardness straining inside the corduroy pants. She herself was flushed with lustful heat.

She tugged his suspenders off his shoulders, then attacked the buttons of his shirt. He shucked her out of her blouse. He pushed up her skirt, delighted to find she wore no panties. Becky’s bare ass rested on the table’s varnished planks. She tore at his trousers and smiled wickedly as she beheld his gloriously erect cock.

He kissed her throat. He worked his way down to her tits, dotting each nipple with a tender peck, then flicking her stiff pink tips with his tongue. She looked down with mounting pleasure as he moved across her abdomen. His big



shoulders pushed wide her thighs. She felt his breath on her already slick pussy, then the swipe of his tongue.

Her whole body bucked. He licked her folds with expert precision, taking his time, arousing her properly. She clamped her knees around his muscular shoulders as he feasted on her.

She reached down and grabbed a handful of that wavy red hair. He had zeroed in on her clit and was driving her out of her mind with ecstasy. Her butt bounced on the wood. She ground her pussy against his face, loving the scrape of his stubble. Her flesh seethed with a wild agony of desire.

Becky came hard into the man's

fucked on the Irishman's table. Becky described the thickness of his dick, how he took his time once again, sliding in and out of her.

He was strong, solidly built, with veins standing out on his oak-hard arms. His big hands gripped the backs of her raised knees. He stroked into her, his handsome face torn into a grimace of pleasure. She felt fresh orgasmic bliss rushing over her. The deep rapture took hold of her, shaking her at her bones, and she cried out.

After, she again lay limp. Again, Eoghan took charge.

This time, to Becky's delight, he gently turned her over. Her drew her legs

Strong shoulders,  
taut thighs, manly hands. His wet  
red hair was plastered  
all over his skull. He had a rugged but  
attractive face.

mouth. He drank up her juices eagerly.

As she lay limp on the tabletop, he stood up.

"He lifted me by my hips and eased me toward the edge of the table. I lay back, letting it all happen. It was like a dream. I mean, I'd had some good fucks, but this was special. There I was in this rustic kitchen, with this manly Irish farmer sticking his big cock into me. The air was fresh coming through the open windows. I looked up at the ceiling's hand-carved wood beams." Becky sighed. "It felt like something out of a steamy romance novel."

I grinned at her. Her story definitely had piqued my excitement. I halfway felt I was there, like *I* was the one getting

over the table's edge so that her toes dangled to the floor. He moved in behind her. With the side of her face and her hands pressed to the waxy wood tabletop, she gave up another elated cry as she felt his cock again sliding home into her.

As he started to fuck her again, she realized the slow buildup was over. He pounded her now. She felt the sharp spank of his balls against her clit. His large-knuckled hands gripped her around the waist. The slam of his thrusts shook the table underneath her. Her vision was swimming. The air seemed alive with crackling energy.

This semi-hallucinatory euphoria drove her onward, toward what was sure to be a truly shattering orgasm. Her ass





quivered. Her fingernails raked the table. Eoghan was hammering into her.

When she felt the splash of his come, her climax ripped through her. She writhed on the table, only staying pinned there by the farmer's fierce cock as he continued to release his cream inside her.

My coffee had gone cold. I'd been holding the cup the whole while. With a shaky hand, I put it down. My heart was still beating fast.

"Then," Becky said with a luxuriant shrug, "I thanked him for his hospitality and went on my way. And that was my best Irish lay, Denise."

I found my voice. "Book me a trip to Ireland," I told my travel-agent friend.

**I**RELAND was a land of exquisite scenery. But after days of driving around, I had yet to meet a single man to fulfill my erotic fantasies. Mind you, people were very friendly and pleasant, and I was having a fine time, but I felt I was missing out.

On a whim, I took my rental car off

the roadway onto a rutted lane, just to see where it went. I got out and walked in the vibrant green countryside, no sign of civilization in any direction.

When I came upon a small natural lake, an impulsive urge seized me. I decided on a swim. No swimsuit? No problem! I shucked my clothes and dove in. The water was bracing, but I swam the length several times, enjoying the exertion, working off some of my frustration.

Not all of it, though. As I emerged, dripping and naked, I felt another urge. I looked around at the empty land. Gingerly, I lay down in the tall grass, put my head back, lifted my knees, and started to finger myself. My eager body responded immediately. Pleasure flowed through me.

The sun was high and warming, but a breeze cooled my wet flesh, hardening my nipples. I delved myself with two fingers. This wasn't exactly the sexual adventure I'd been looking for, but it was still pretty audacious, masturbating outdoors. As my climax approached, I heard



a distant splash. I ignored it, figuring it was a bird landing on the lake.

I cried out, really letting loose, as a great warmth spread outward from my dripping pussy.

Suddenly, there came more splashing, and my half-lidded eyes sprang open wide as a figure appeared. He was wading hurriedly toward the shallow edge of the lake, near where I was. He was looking around with concern, wiping water out of his eyes. Oh, and he was buck-naked, too.

I was low enough in the grass that he didn't see me right away. If I went to grab my clothes, the movement would have given me away. So I studied him.

oned him toward me invitingly.

He strode out of the water. Obviously, he'd come to this secluded spot for a skinny-dip of his own. I watched him step up onto the land and come toward the flattened bed of grass where I lay. Water droplets clung to his body, each glowing with the sunlight. I saw the fine hairs on his flat belly, the hard knot of his navel. His forearms and biceps were mapped with veins.

He was about to say something, but I motioned to him to be silent. I wanted this to be a pure experience, unsullied by the kind of phony preliminary talk I'd have to endure if I were still back home. *Let me just have my sweet Irish fuck.*

I gave him a few  
tentative jerks. A dribble of pre-come  
dotted his tip. I flicked it up  
with the tip of my tongue, savoring the  
exquisite tang of salt.

He had a mouth-watering musculature, but it looked developed from labor rather than gym visits. Strong shoulders, taut thighs, manly hands. His wet red hair was plastered all over his skull. He had a rugged but attractive face.

And his cock hung enticingly . . .

*Finally*, an Irish hottie! I was thrilled.

I made a sound, and his eyes shot toward me, going as big as mine had. I didn't cover up but let him see my wet, recently fingered pussy.

"Oh, uh, um," he stammered, blushing. "I thought I heard someone crying for help . . ."

"You did," I said and gave him a grin.

After a moment, he returned it. At the same time, his cock started to stir. I beck-

I was still sitting. He'd halted several feet away, face filled with wonder, evidently delighted with my body. By now his cock had twitched halfway hard, the crown rolling up his strong thigh. His wet pubic curls glinted with red undertones. Again I gestured, bringing him closer.

When he was near enough, I reached out and took hold of his shaft, which surged instantly into full hardness. He yelped in surprise but didn't back away. I gave him a few tentative jerks. I moved up onto my knees, aiming that gorgeous cockhead right at my face. A dribble of milky pre-come dotted his tip. I flicked it up with the tip of my tongue, savoring the exquisite tang of salt.

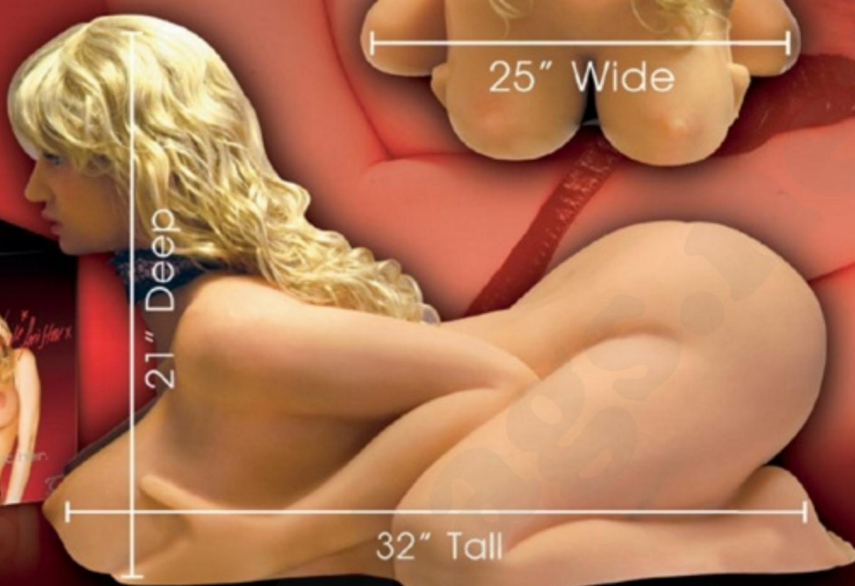
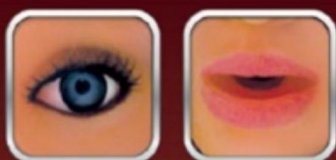


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I brought my lips to his staff, letting them hug his thick crown. I swirled him thoroughly with my tongue, feeling his shaft twitch. My hand cupped his damp balls, leaving the way free for my mouth as I started sucking in his length.

The squiggly veins along his upward curving shaft pulsed under my tongue. His girth spread my lips into a familiar cocksucker's "O." He tasted of the fresh water of the lake. As I swallowed him down to his hilt, his balls quivered in my gentle grip. His cockhead throbbed in my throat.

Somewhere above he made a groan, accompanied by a single word, which was: "Lass . . ."

Somehow that excited me as much as anything.

I rode my mouth up and down his delectable cock. I kept up a good suction, cheeks flattened in around his pole. My forehead butted his taut abdomen. I worked his balls, applying just the right amount of pressure. One of his hands fell atop my head, then the other. His fingers slipped in my wet hair, taking a grip. His hips started moving. I grunted encouragement. Soon he was fucking away at my hungry face. I took him to the root with every thrust.

Right at the end, he made some effort to pull away, but I was having none of that. I blew him mercilessly, sucking him deep and hard, and seconds later the first great splash of come filled my mouth. I swallowed avidly, loving the liquid heat of him. He followed with jet after jet. It was bliss. His masculine essence poured down my throat.

Eventually, I lifted my mouth off him, looking up dreamily. I felt a single drizzle of his cream slip down my chin as he gazed down on me with dazed amazement.

I lay back in the grass. He seemed to collect himself, and without any ceremony or words he dropped down onto the ground, on his belly, and elbowed forward until his big shoulders were pushing my thighs apart. His fine face

was lit with anticipation as he dropped his mouth on my waiting furrow.

My whole body jumped as his stubble rasped my clean-shaven cleft, but I liked the prickly sensation. He gave my folds a complete licking, and excitement coursed through me. Deep passionate needs awoke. I'd been denied too much. I wanted it all now—the whole carnal experience.

The red-haired stranger pleased me with his nimble tongue. The long grass blew gently around us. Blades of it brushed his back, his ass, as I looked down on his ferocious feasting. I thrust my pussy against his beautiful mouth. He was a real talent.

**W**HEN he zeroed in on my clit, he was as ruthless as I'd been when he was about to unload. He sucked on my sensitive nub, flicking me tirelessly with his tongue, making moaning snuffling sounds that added to the experience.

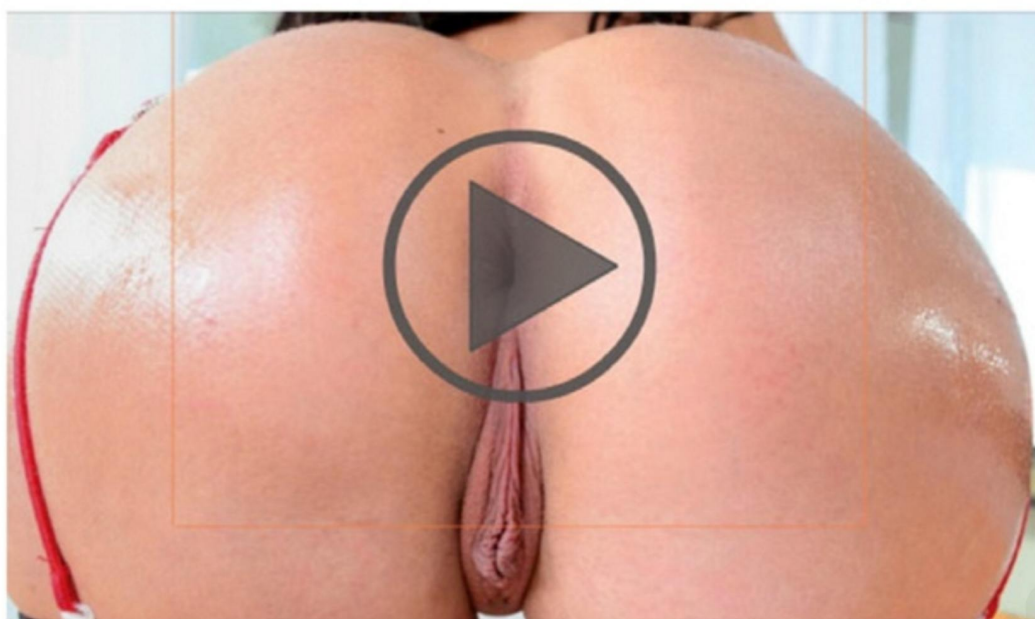
I reached down and seized his hair in two fistfuls. I bucked my hips wildly. He only ate me harder. When I slammed my legs tight around his shoulders and started to convulse with pleasure, he lapped up my flowing juices. The sky sparkled overhead. I heard birdsong and the rush of the wind. I shivered through a major orgasm, then fell back limply on the grass.

A handsome face, glistening with the evidence of my own pleasure, loomed above me. I smiled and opened my arms. He lay down on top of me, and I enjoyed the weight of him, the hardness of his muscles. His callused hands fondled my breasts. I wasn't surprised that his cock was up again. I shifted accommodat-ingly, and he slotted his rigid shaft into me.

I shook with preparatory pleasure. It had been one thing to have that gorgeous meat in my mouth. But now I *really* appreciated the healthy size of him. As he filled me, nerve clusters awoke all over



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my body. I lifted my legs and wrapped them around his waist. With my arms crossed behind his neck, I pulled him down for a deep kiss. I tasted myself on his warm tongue, and he probably won a residual sampling of his own carnal flavor.

He started stroking into me in a hypnotic rhythm.

It was transcendent to lie there in those shivering grasses. I felt the vibrant air. I heard the soft lap of the lake water. I couldn't remember the last time I'd fucked outdoors, but this was especially inspiring. I was in a foreign land, surrounded by lush scenery, and I was having a scintillating sexual encounter with

into this emerald-hued land, ancient and beautiful, hopeful and mischievous. The cock inside me was that ultimate connection.

I sighed, still utterly aware of the present. He pounded into me. His body writhed, muscles pulling taut. I shook and wriggled, and a profound thunderous joy rapidly gathered up inside me. My tits jounced as he slammed into me.

When he reached his peak once more, elation broke out all through me. A monstrous climax quaked me. I held on desperately to my lover, like he was a rock in a storm. The ecstasy inside me reached an incredible crescendo. He howled as he came, and I joined him, our

The ecstasy inside  
me reached an incredible crescendo.  
He howled as he came,  
and I joined him, our cries mingling as  
he emptied into me.

a studly local. *That* makes for a good vacation!

He plowed me deep, not rushing anything. My interior walls gripped him possessively. I streamed with fresh excitement.

By now the sun had dried the water off our flesh. But we were both damp with sweat, with the lovely exertion of our joining. I rocked beneath him, taking up a perfect counter-rhythm to his agile thrusts. The ground made a fine bed, the grass appropriate bedclothes. The high bright sky was the ceiling of our bedchamber.

My lover rose and fell on me. His face twisted with pleasure. I gushed in response. I felt like I'd at last truly plugged

cries mingling as he emptied into me.

Once we quieted, there were only the sounds of nature—birds and water and wind. It was a peaceful moment of bliss, and I knew this adventure would stay in my memory forever.

We lay awhile together, and eventually started to talk. He acted a little embarrassed, but I put him at ease.

Finally, I asked him what he did.

"I've got me a wee farm."

I traced his square jaw with my fingertips. "I'm Denise. What's your name?"

He murmured something in his lyrical brogue that sounded like "Owen."

I blinked and sat up slowly onto an elbow. "Say, darling, would you mind spelling that for me?"



## FOR ONE NIGHT ONLY



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### **STEAMY HOT-TUB KISSES LEAD TO SIZZLING GIRL-ON-GIRL ACTION**

It was a goddamn white bathing suit that changed everything for me. I'd checked into the motel for some time by myself. My girlfriend and I had just broken up, and I needed to clear my head. I'd decided a weekend alone, away from the city and work and all thoughts of her, was exactly what I needed.

I was out in the hot tub shared by several rooms, looking up at the night sky, when I heard someone else come out. The weekend I had chosen was either charmed or the motel had received a lot of cancellations. I'd hardly seen anyone else, let alone couples that might make me melancholy for my failed relationship.

A woman slipped into the water on my side of the tub, startling me.

"Sorry," she said. "I thought you saw me."

I held a hand to my chest and shook my head. "I heard you but didn't see you. No big deal. I was lost in thought."

"Good thoughts I hope," she said, settling back in the hot water. Her white bikini made me feel frumpy in my one-piece black racer-back suit. When it came to bathing suits, I went for athletic instead of pretty. I don't think my new tub-mate shared my philosophy.

"I'm Sadie," she said when I didn't respond to her gambit. She stuck out a small, cool hand, which I shook, introducing myself.

"Alone, I see," she said, carrying on as if I had at some point answered her beyond introduction.

"Yep. Just me in the hot tub."

"In the restaurant, too. You and a thick suspense novel, it looked like."

I gave her a nod, trying not to stare at the long length of her leg, distorted slightly by the water. Even through the water, that leg and its matching partner were damn fine. She also appeared to have a tiny waist that flared to nice wide hips and breasts that looked beyond lovely being lapped at by the water.

"I'm alone, too," she said. "On a sabbatical."

She stroked her finger down my shoulder, and I was surprised to feel goose bumps spring up along my skin. I suppressed a shiver at the shock of being touched and decided to go with it. What did I have to lose?

was more intense than what came from soaking in a hot tub.

"What's your story?" This time that single finger reached out to tuck a stray lock of my short hair behind my ear.

A chill tiptoed up my nape and spread along my scalp.

I was fixated on her breasts, the nipples tight and hard beneath the pristine white fabric.

"Breakup. I needed . . . time. To think. Or better yet, not think."

"Oh, I'm sorry."

I stared at her and realized her eyes were nearly the same shade of aqua as the hotel-pool water.

"Maybe I could help you take your mind off things?"

Sadie shoved her  
tongue into my cunt, thrusting it in  
and out. Then she was  
back at my clit, teasing me deliciously.

"Sabbatical?" I managed with a dry mouth.

"I'm a writer. I've been working on a novel that has done its best to drive me bat-shit crazy. I came here to do nothing for a while. Sometimes doing nothing fixes everything."

I nodded at her fortune-cookie words and watched her drag her hands back and forth along the surface of the water. I was wet all over but that didn't keep me from noticing how wet I was becoming inside my suit—or that this particular wetness

I raised an eyebrow at the question, and in answer, she leaned over and kissed me. Her mouth was soft and seeking at first, but when I responded, she deepened the kiss, her tongue stroking boldly across mine. She cupped the back of my neck with her hand as we made out.

I held her shoulders at first, and then thought, *Fuck it*. I gave in and let my hands slide down to caress her breasts. I pinched her erect nipples hard enough to make her hiss. "Oh, now you've done it, you bad

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girl” she said in my ear.

I pinched again before finally speaking. “Did what?”

“Turned me on beyond measure. We’ve hit the point of no return.”

I was about to ask her to come to my room. Or ask if she’d let me go to hers, but she had other plans.

“See those lounge chairs over there in the far corner?”

I looked in the direction she was pointing and saw nothing. What with the darkness, the fact that the chairs were black, and the pool and hot-tub lights, I couldn’t see shit.

erly naked but—” She never finished the thought and then her tongue was on me, hot against my skin, lapping at my engorged clit. She sucked me and then swiped at me with her tongue again.

I held the edges of the chair as if I might fall off. I let my hips do what they wanted, rising greedily to meet her willing mouth.

Sadie shoved her tongue into my cunt, thrusting it in and out like a small, wet cock. Then she was back at my clit, teasing me deliciously and making me bite my own tongue to



“No.”

“Right. And neither can anyone else. Come with me.” She stood, holding out a hand. I took a moment to admire the insane hourglass shape of her body and the way her firm thighs flexed when she moved. Then I took her hand and let her lead me.

In the darkness, she pushed me back on a lounge chair and tugged the crotch of my suit to the side. “Sorry,” she said. “I’ve always been told I’m impatient. I should take you back to my room and get you prop-

keep from making any noise.

She repeated the process until I said, “Jesus Christ . . . please . . .”

I felt her laugh. The rumble of it went up through the center of me. Her wet breasts were squashed against my leg, warm and soft. She pushed her fingers inside my cunt, curling them to stimulate my G-spot. Her tongue went at me with a greater fervor, switching from soft, gentle laps to hard nudges. She sucked, the feel of her drawing on me hard made me light-headed as her fingers moved inside me, triggering all the





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tiny nerve endings that started my orgasm in motion. When she nibbled my clit and drove her fingers deep, I spilled over into that pleasure.

"Fuck! Fuck me!" I groaned, coming around her talented fingers.

"I think I just did." She laughed again, her shadow a darker outline in the dimness of our hidden nook.

I reached for her as we heard voices. Other people were coming out to soak in the tub.

"Come to my room," I said.

"And then?" I couldn't see her face but pictured her with one blonde eyebrow raised.

"And then come," I said.

She took my hand, and we hurried out through the darkness on the periphery of the pool, listening to the people laughing in the hot tub. I realized for the first time in a while that I felt like laughing myself.

*Ms. Melissa W.,  
Via E-Mail*

## **TWO COLLEGE STUDENTS HUNGER FOR A HOT HOOKUP IN THE LIBRARY**

Studying for finals my sophomore year of college had me at the library a lot. More than was healthy, most likely. It left little room for an actual life—let alone a sex life.

When you're at the library practically twenty-four/seven, you tend to get nosy about your surroundings. Two days before finals I knew a few things for certain. Ms. Summers, the head librarian, had a steady girlfriend, but she also had a little something-something on the side. A tall, red-haired guy I vaguely knew who was majoring in English Lit. They'd sometimes head out for lunch together, but more often they'd meet in the stacks on the upper floor.

While I'd study, I'd drink coffee and time them. Usually, their in-library liaisons lasted roughly twenty minutes.

I also knew that Ms. Summers's

assistant, Riley, had a crush on me. I'd catch him watching me from the desk or the computer bank. I'd also see him lingering in the section closest to my customary spot that held all the psychology books. I considered trying to analyze him for practice but found that his appreciative stares were so adorable they kept me from poking around in his gray matter.

*Maybe later, I told myself. Maybe after finals. I could ask him out—*because I saw zero chance of him building up the nerve—and then we could get to know each other without the library stalking. I chalked it up as a possibility.

The last day to study for exams, I found that I was the only person on the upper floor with Riley. I saw him flitting in and out with his rolling cart of books. He was doing his best not to look at me, and I couldn't help but find his act slightly amusing. His enormous efforts to pretend as if I wasn't there were cracking me up.

I stretched, glanced down to the lower floor and saw Ms. Summers walking out with her purse in one hand and her keys in the other, her redhead following close behind. A quick scan of the library showed me an anomaly. One lone student at the computers. No one else was there. I looked at the clock and realized it was a little past noon. Most people were off grabbing some lunch so they'd be nourished and could stay awake to torture themselves with more information intake.

"Aren't you going to go eat?"

I jumped at his voice and put a hand to my heart to steady myself. "Jesus, Riley. Give a girl some warning. Lord. You scared the hell out of me. You're like a ghost."

He grinned. "Sorry. Occupational hazard. Quiet is mandatory. At least that's what Eleanor says."

"Eleanor?"

"Ms. Summers."



"Ah, yes. She just left," I said. For some reason, saying that to him felt like an innuendo. I felt heat rush into my cheeks.

"Did she?" The way he looked at me only made the heat worse. He was shy, wasn't he? But he didn't seem to be shy at the moment. Not with that gaze.

"Lunch, I guess." He stared at me. This close, I realized how handsome he was. How his eyes were a steel hue and his hair had a bit of curl in it and his body was . . . impressive. Lean but solid.

"Aren't you eating?" The words left my mouth, and I felt something hot and kinetic blossom in my chest and move lower. I realized, trying very hard to not shift position, that my pussy was wet. Not wet. Soaked.

"I'd like to," he said. There was suggestion in his voice. And it wasn't my imagination.

I swallowed hard, glanced around again. Nothing had changed. Just us and the one student down there, wearing headphones and clicking away. "Oh," I said.

"I'll be over there," Riley said. "If you need me."

The he walked back over to his cart and selected some books.

My heart was beating hard, and my nipples felt super-sensitive inside my bra. I sat there for a few beats considering. Wondering. And then I stood on shaky legs and followed him into the stacks.

He was already smiling when he turned around. "I've been watching you for weeks. I was hoping at some point you'd notice me," he said.

He brushed dark hair out of his eyes and leaned against a heavy bookcase.

"I noticed. I just . . ." I shrugged. ". . . was busy. Thought it was my imagination, maybe. You know."

He held out his hand, and I took it. The moment felt surreal. Like maybe

will she?

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### NEW INTERN BOOKS APPOINTMENT FOR THREE-WAY DELIGHTS

Julie, Ted's new intern, was adorable—short and slim, with a sleek cap of auburn hair and thick hipster glasses. The moment I met her I wanted her in our bed.

"I'll tell Ted you're here," she said to me as I waited to pick him up for our lunch date.

"Do you live around here?" I asked when she returned.

"I do now. I recently moved from upstate."

Excitement flared in me. "Making friends okay?"

She shrugged, and I pictured small, perfect uptilted breasts beneath her plaid sweater. I pictured my mouth on them.

"Mostly at work. Haven't had much time outside the office to meet people. But there's time for that," she said, giving me a bright smile. "I've only been here a few weeks."

Ted entered, pocketing his cell phone and giving me a big smile. "Ready for lunch, beautiful?"

I nodded and shook her hand. "Nice to meet you, Julie. I hope to see you again soon." Then I turned to Ted and grinned. "I'm ready."

He had a look on his face that said he was reading my mind. When we got to the car, my suspicions were confirmed.

"You want to fuck her," he said.

"I want *us* to fuck her," I corrected.

He chuckled. "You sure? I work with her."

"Unless you plan to have some fun without me that doesn't matter to me at all."

"Never without you, babe," he said, patting my thigh. "Always with you. Only with you."

I nodded. "Good. We can discuss the finer points over lunch. It'll be fun."

When we arrived at the restaurant,



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I'd dozed off at the study table and was embarking on a sinfully dirty dream.

When he pulled me close, I smelled his aftershave. Something woodsy with cedar in it. And maybe pine. The random thoughts fled my mind as he kissed me. And then, mid-kiss, he turned me so my back was to the shelves and he pinned me there. His hands ran up and down my sides, swooped to stroke my hips and cup my ass. When he pushed against me, I felt his hard cock kiss the split of my pussy through my leggings.

I let out a little sound. But it was soft. Must maintain the quiet.

"I told you I wanted to eat," he said, dropping to his knees. My head went light, and my heartbeat, already banging like a war drum, picked up even more speed.

He tugged at my leggings, and when they were down around my knees, he went for my pale yellow panties. Before he pulled them down, he pressed his face to the front of them, the heat of his breath snaking in through the fragile fabric and heating my sex. Then they were down, too, and he was spreading my pussy lips with thick, warm fingers.

"I am hoping for a proper date once exams are done," he said almost conversationally. Then he delivered a single lick, swiping his magnificent tongue across my thrumming clitoris.

I pushed my hands to the shelf behind me, feeling the meatier spines of some of the larger books push into my back. I tilted my hips forward, begging him with my body to continue. And he did. Eating me slowly at first. Gentle arcing brushes of his tongue across my clit and my outer lips. He suckled me hard enough that I had to bite my lip to contain my sounds. Then he drove his wet tongue into my wetter slit, fucking me

with the tip as he held it rigid.

I bucked my hips again. He took the hint that I wanted more—needed more. Riley pushed a finger inside me, thrusting deep, and licked me repeatedly until I felt like I was slick down to my knees. When I mewled softly, he added a second finger and began to curve his digits against my tender G-spot. He licked me again and again until I was panting and clutching his hair, his fingers driving into me and stimulating the places I needed most. Then he nipped my clit with his teeth and I came, pushing the heel of my hand to my mouth to cut off the sounds of my erotic pleasure.

He sat back, eyes dazed and dark, and smiled up at me. "I told you I'd like to eat."

I laughed softly, pushing my fingers into his curly hair. It was soft. And he was so, so cute. We were also obviously compatible. At least in the sex category.

"So about that proper date," he asked, cocking his head.

This time, I held out my hand, and he took it, standing. "Yes?"

"Can we talk about it after finals tomorrow?"

I nodded, feeling a little shy but a lot turned on as I pulled up my panties and my leggings.

"You know where to find me," he said as his phone went off. He cocked an eyebrow as he looked at the screen. "I have to take this. Yes, Ms. Summers. Up here on the second floor. I'll be right down."

He hung up his cell and leaned in to kiss me. His lips tasted like me. "Come back tomorrow. I'd like to take you out. There's a hell of a lot more I'd like to do with you, too."

I nodded. I would definitely be coming back after my exam. I couldn't wait.

*Ms. Penelope D.,  
Via E-Mail*

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we did exactly that. We plotted—carefully and gleefully—our seduction of Julie.

At our invitation, she came over that Friday night for a welcome-to-town dinner. Ted had grilled steaks outside despite the cold, and I'd prepared a crisp salad, warm rolls and a cheesecake. The food looked great, but I was too keyed up to eat.

"Glad you could come," I said, hugging her.

She smelled like summer. Honeysuckle or lilacs. Something deliciously sweet.

"I'm glad you asked me. Like I'd said, not much time to meet people outside of work."

I noticed she wore a very short red dress. The hemline hit only a few inches below her pert ass. The dark black tights and boots helped keep the outfit somewhat demure, though.

Ted was rummaging for glasses to pour drinks, and I sat close to her on the large sofa. She leaned in and said, "I think I know why I'm here."

"Why's that?"

She shrugged as Ted exclaimed with victory and took the glasses to the sidebar to pour wine.

"I've seen a difference in Ted with me since you visited the office. And I think you're worried about me and him. That something might happen between us . . ."

I laughed. I couldn't help it.

"What?" she asked, smiling tentatively.

"The exact opposite of what you speculated," I said, patting her leg. I let my hand linger there, saw her look pointedly at it.

"Meaning?"

"I was *hoping* something might happen. But not only between you and Ted, between the three of us." I let my words hang there. Let her absorb them. But I didn't move my hand. Finally, I added, "Now it's out there, and if you're not interested,



we'll have a nice dinner, chat and you can be on your way."

She was still staring at my hand, considering my words, I guess. Finally, she put her small hand over mine. I expected her to push me away. Instead, she slid my hand higher so that my fingers brushed the upper edge of her thigh. My fingers pointed directly to her groin.

"I'm okay with that," she said.

"I see we've been chatting," Ted said, passing out drinks.

I smiled at him. "I figured it best to be honest."

She looked up at him, and I had a mental flash of her on her knees sucking his cock. A wonderful shiver coursed through me.

"And it won't change anything at work?" she asked him.

"Not a thing," Ted said. "I'm an expert compartmentalizer."

She nodded. When she stood, I figured we'd eat. Surprising me, she tugged her dress over her head and asked, "Where's the bedroom?"

Ted cocked an eyebrow at me, and I couldn't suppress a chuckle. "Follow me," I said, and led her upstairs.

By the time Ted caught up with us in the bedroom, Julie was down to her panties. His cock tented his jeans, and I felt like a river was flooding between my legs. I was so wet my upper thighs were damp.

"Nothing like getting right to it," I said.

"It's how I am," she said with a small smile. I'd been right about those breasts. They were perfect and perky, and I touched them gently until her pale pink nipples puckered up tight. Then I pinched each until a low moan escaped her.

Ted had shucked his jeans and sweater. His cock stood out, hard and flushed. She dropped to her knees and took him into her mouth. My cunt flexed wetly at how my men-

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tal image had sprung to life.

He held her head and thrust into her mouth deeply. She left smears of bright pink lipstick along his shaft.

I moved behind her and pushed my fingers into her pussy. Her lips were wet, her clit swollen, and my fingers slipped inside her cunt with ease. I fucked her that way, watching her suck my husband off until her passage grew incredibly tight around my fingers.

"On the bed," I said in her ear. "I want to taste you."

She obeyed immediately, spreading herself out on our navy-blue comforter, her legs wide. Ted hovered over her, balancing himself, and resumed fucking her mouth. I licked her impudent little clit, pushing my fingers back into her depths. I took my time outlining her labia with the tip of my tongue, making her wait, until she writhed, then I returned to her clit. I gave it hard swipes, soft laps, little flicks. And then she was coming, her juices running along my chin and fingers.

"Now you lie back," she said, smiling up at me.

My husband had moved to the side, and I sprawled on the bed, feeling every beat of my heart between my legs. She moved over me, planting her elbows on either side of my hips. Lowering her head, she licked me once, and I bucked. Her tongue was hot and wet and perfect.

Ted moved behind her, pushing his fingers inside her before positioning himself to enter her with his cock. I could see him clearly in our full-length mirror. I kept my eyes glued to our reflection as he rocked into her, and his movement pushed her against me. Every time he thrust his hips, he drove her mouth fully against my pussy. Her tongue was a whirling dervish on my tender clit, her upper teeth gently scraping my pubis and sparking enough sweet

pain to push my pleasure higher.

Ted was moving faster; his eyes had that faraway, pre-orgasmic look. He smacked her ass once, twice, and she gave a little cry against my pussy, adding vibration to the mix of stimulation. Her fingers pushed inside me, fucking me slowly, wetly. I could hear every withdrawal and every reentry. I clutched the bed-sheets, focusing on her red cap of silky hair as she ate me.

"Fuck," Ted hissed. He'd come at any moment, I could tell.

I raised my hips, driving myself against her teeth and her tongue. She went at me with vigor, pushing her fingers deeper, moving them so that every secret place inside me came to life.

"Fuck," Ted said again, his tempo increasing.

She nipped me, a tiny bite of her sharp white teeth, and I came, holding her head in my hands, keeping her pressed against me. My sounds set off Ted, and he bellowed when he climaxed. She only gave a soft cry against my skin as she joined us. The excitement and arousal in the room was a palpable thing.

"Now," she said. "I would like that glass of wine. And I'm starving."

Then she dropped face-first to the bed as if boneless. I laughed, tracing her pale skin with my fingertips—up the back of her thigh, over the swell of her asscheek, the delicate knobs of her spine. She hummed with pleasure.

"I think we can feed you," I said. "After all, a girl needs her energy."

She turned her face to me, her big brown eyes merry with amusement. "I know I will. Because I think if you're interested, I'd like some more of that for dessert. I've just moved here. Haven't gotten to know anyone yet." Then she winked.

*Ms. Lauren K.,  
Via E-Mail*



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